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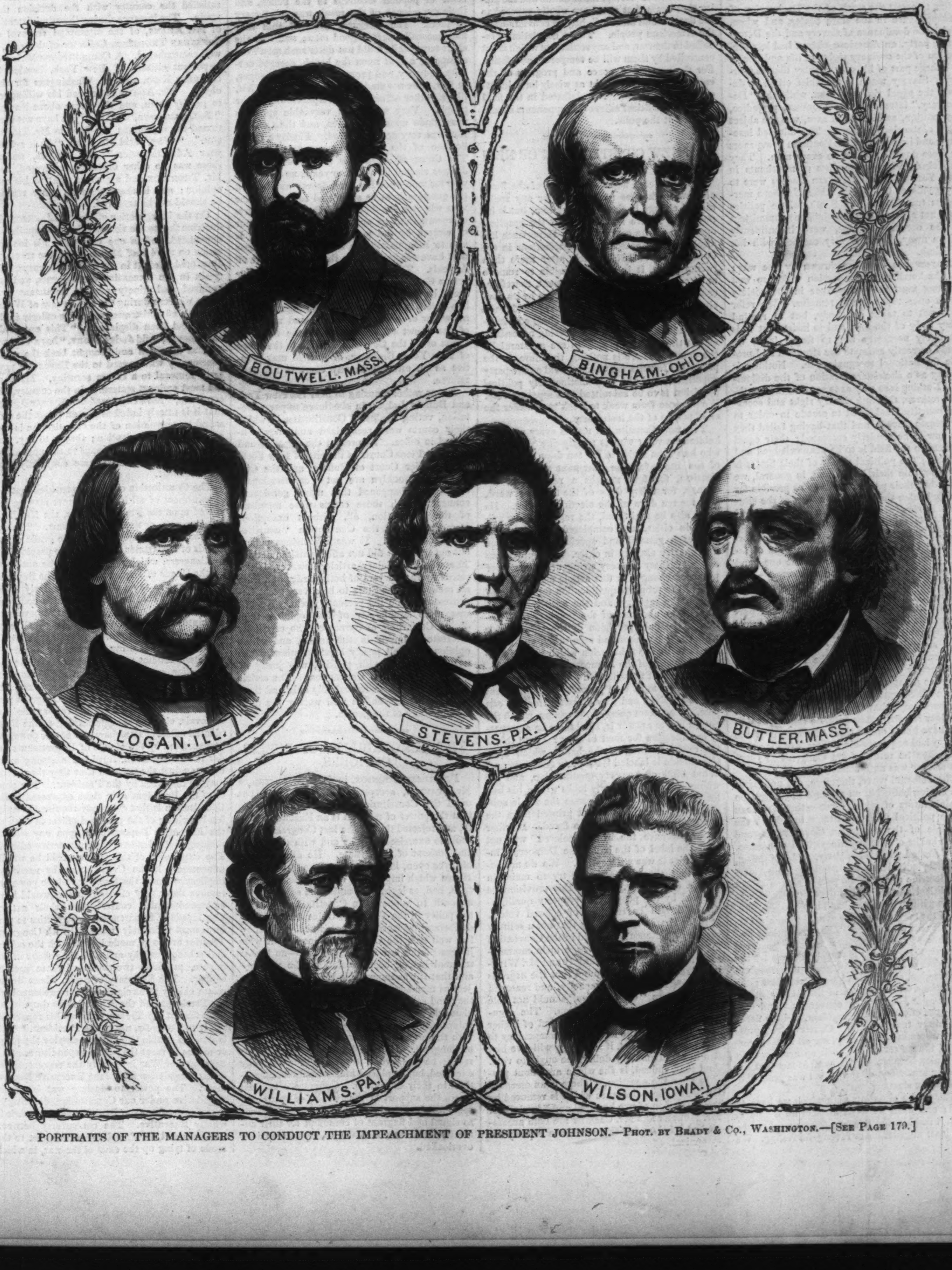

BOUTWELL. MASS.
BINGHAM. OHIO.
LOGAN. ILL.
STEVENS. PA.
BUTLER. MASS.
WILLIAMS. PA.
WILSON. IOWA.

PORTRAITS OF THE MANAGERS TO CONDUCT THE IMPEACHMENT OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.—Phot. by Brady & Co., Washington.—[See Page 179.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, March 21, 1868.

A LOOK ABOUT US.

NO one who is in the habit of reading the newspapers printed in the Southern States can fail to perceive how incalculable is the mischief wrought by the treachery of the President, and the hopes which he has aroused of a universal reaction under the auspices of the Democratic party, that will virtually give the victory in the long struggle to the enemies of the Union and of popular government. The fierceness, passion, extravagance, and folly of much of the Southern press ought to be made more fully known to the people of the rest of the country, not to excite animosity but to enable us to act intelligently. The spirit and tone of the papers of which we speak, and they are not exceptional, are not in the least changed since the darkest days of the old slavery despotism when it was a crime to assert the truth of the Declaration of Independence in the slave States, and when, under the dominance of slavery and the Democratic party, an American citizen had less protection of the ordinary rights of life and liberty in a large part of his own country than in Turkey. Slavery made it the chief crime to declare the equal rights of men, while the "Democracy," intrenched in ignorance, prejudice, superstition, and hatred of race, was the abject slave of the slave-masters. The mingled insolence and ignorance of the Southern newspapers in those days is familiar to every man. They published, for instance, lists of merchants in New York of whom Southern traders were to buy goods at their peril, while Northern merchants traveling in the South, whose politics were not agreeable to the vigilance committees of the corner groceries, were incontinently driven away, happy if they escaped with life and limb.

Slavery has been overthrown by the war; but the horrible demoralization which so vast a wrong must always produce in the society which encourages it still remains. We refer to it not to taunt any body, but to remind every body of the fact, and to insist that it is absolutely necessary not to forget it, if we would correctly estimate the situation and provide for national reorganization. Nothing is so easy as a *doctrinaire* solution of the difficulty. Nothing is so easy as to say that the Southern brethren, thinking slavery right and secession constitutional, tried to secede in order to perpetuate slavery, and that having failed they are now to be tenderly entreated; their equal heroism in the field is to be acknowledged and extolled; the political power of their States is to be put into their hands, and, in general, we are to beg their pardon as much as possible for having beaten them. Such a view of the situation is simply stupid, and a policy founded upon it is criminal. What slavery was we know. What the war was we have not forgotten. It was a tremendous struggle of fatally antagonistic principles: on the one hand that of privilege, caste, and aristocracy—the old spirit of Feudalism and of European civilization, represented by slavery, of which the political organization was the Democratic party—and on the other, that of civil and political equality represented by the Republican party. State sovereignty, the right of secession, all questions of the nature of the national bond, were merely dogmas, excuses, and theories to serve the great and real purpose. Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, in the prospectus to his new book, says that this is not the true view. But does Mr. Stephens suppose that we should ever have heard of the right of secession if the country had acquiesced in the truth of his assertion, when he retired from Congress in 1858, that slavery was nationalized?

The defeated party, therefore, are not merely a faction baffled in an attempt to change the administrators of government—they are men whose political faith is bitterly hostile to the principle of the American Government, and whose habits are incompatible with its customs. The defeated party, as a party, and excepting, of course, individuals, does not accept the American doctrine of the whole people as the source of political power; and it does not hesitate to pursue with all the hateful and intolerable methods of the most unscrupulous and tyrannical aristocracy all who differ. The conventions and speeches of those who are called "Southern Conservatives," which is simply a name for the old chiefs of the slavery interest, the preachers of secession, and the leaders of rebellion; the resolutions and speeches of their allies at the North—the Democratic conventions and orators; the efforts of the President, and the fierce and bitter tone of the "Conservative" press every where in the country, are all in the interest of the power which took up arms against the Union because of the evident fact that the popular sentiment of the Union was pronouncing against slavery.

This is the situation with which we have to deal; and what we need most of all is to deal with it frankly and firmly. There need not be the least ungenerous or revengeful feeling. We may be as charitable as our means will allow to every worthy project in the disturbed States. We may warmly recognize the sympathy and aid of every man who was conspicuous in the rebellion, and who now co-operates with loyal men to restore the Union upon the impregnable foundation of equal rights. But we must not expect a sudden Millennium, nor think that blarney is statesmanship. We talk of peace and conciliation; but we must understand that there is no peace possible upon the "Conservative" theory of political inequality, and that justice is the only conciliation. If the reaction could restore every State to Democratic control; repudiate the debt; subject the freedmen entirely to the will of the late masters, and send Jefferson Davis, James M. Mason, Louis Wigfall, and Judah Benjamin back to their old seats in the Senate, the country would be no nearer peace than it was when the compromises of 1850 were adopted; the real difficulty would be no more settled than it was in England when Charles II. came back again and the bones of Oliver Cromwell were dishonored. The "Conservative" view of the situation and the policy that bears that name are wholly opposed to the deepest and most enlightened convictions of the American people. Those convictions prevailed in the war, and any settlement which is not controlled by them will be temporary and futile. For the permanent peace and progress of the country the people might as wisely have insisted that Grant should be defeated in the field as that the political allies of his opponents should succeed at the polls.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF NEW YORK.

The proposed new Constitution of the State of New York does not provide for any really radical change in the present system, but is intended to secure less friction in the practical operation of the government. Experience has disclosed weaknesses and imperfections in the Constitution of 1846, which, after more than twenty years, it is plainly possible to remove or to correct. The new instrument, therefore, contains nothing which should alarm by its novelty. It is really the Constitution of 1846 made more practical, adapted to the changed condition of the State and to the differing necessities of the time. The principles are substantially the same. There is nothing, therefore, in the proposed Constitution which should excite party opposition, and the only distinctively political provision is to be submitted to a separate vote. We propose from week to week to consider the chief points of the instrument.

The new Constitution makes every male inhabitant a voter who is twenty-one years old, who has been a citizen for ten days, a resident of the State for one year next preceding an election, for four months a resident of the county, for thirty days of the town or ward, and for ten days of the election district. He must also be registered, the registry to be uniform in cities, and completed four days before each general and special State election and charter election in cities. The provisions against bribery are very stringent. The chief proposed changes in this article are the abolition of the property qualification for a class of voters, the registry, and the anti-bribery section. The abolition of the property qualification is the only provision of the Constitution which is to be submitted separately, and it was the form of the submission which was stigmatized by some of the Democrats as a fraud.

The present Constitution requires that a colored citizen must own property to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars before he can vote. The exact question, therefore, which the people are to answer is, shall there be a property qualification for men of color? And this is the exact wording of the ballot, which upon the outside is labeled "Property qualification." What kind of property qualification, and for whom, the voter naturally looks within his ballot to ascertain. But because the whole substance of the ballot was not printed upon the outside it was denounced as a fraud. In other words, because the word "colored" was not upon the label of the ballot the Democrats insisted that it was a deception. We do not believe that they will seriously try to maintain such a declaration. Should this provision be rejected by the people, the property qualification will still be required of colored voters. It is the simple truth to say that not a solitary reason or pretense was urged in the Convention for the retention of this outrage upon common-sense. Mr. Henry C. Murphy and Mr. William Cassidy took the ground that the negro is of an inferior race and capacity, and reasoned that therefore "colored men" should not vote without a property qualification. The argument was this: the negro is a kind of higher ape; he has not the intellectual competency to vote intelligibly; *but*, if somebody will give him two hundred and fifty dollars he ought to vote. And that, indeed, is the whole argument possible upon the question. There is an essential intellectual incompetence which is removed by the possession of two hundred and fifty dollars. Mr. Murphy and Mr. Cassidy are both accomplished scholars, but the necessities of party are tyrannical.

This clause is submitted separately, because there seemed to be no good reason why any one popular and desirable change should depend upon the unpopularity of another. No sensible and practical man is blind to the hostility to the colored population which is carefully fostered by the Democratic party, and which is more general than its cruel folly should allow it to be. But no good result could be gained by insisting that the State should not have a better Judiciary system, or relief in the Legislature, unless the people would overcome this degrading prejudice. Such a course would have exposed every improvement to the force of the prejudice; and the Convention would have been justly reproached with a want of the first element of true statesmanship, common-sense.

It was hoped by many that the election of Judges might be changed to appointment, and that the tenure of a short term of years might be altered to a tenure of life or of good behavior. But this was a desire which was strongest among intelligent men in the city. The feeling of the rural districts was strongly in favor of popular elections to the bench, and their experience of the result was satisfactory to them. The delegates declared that they had generally elected good men; and that the short term, while it did not deter such men from accepting a seat upon the bench, secured activity, industry, and promptitude. The Judges, in fact, were not made a separate class, but felt, like all other officers, their responsibility to the people. Very warm and very able speeches were made upon both sides, and the Convention was very nearly divided. Finally a modification of the present system was adopted. The Court of Appeals is to consist of seven Judges elected for fourteen years, no elector to vote for more than five candidates; and in 1873 the question is to be submitted to the popular vote whether the Judges of the higher courts of record shall be appointed by the Governor or elected by the people. A commission is also to be appointed to dispose of the causes that have accumulated in the present Court of Appeals. The term of the Judges of the Supreme Court is to be fourteen years, and there are to be fewer general terms in order to secure less diversity of decision. No Judge is to sit in review of his own decision; and no Judge of the Court of Appeals or of the Supreme Court or of the Courts of Record in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, or Buffalo may practice as an attorney in any court or act as a referee.

It was rather amusing to hear the New York and Buffalo Judges, in obedience to party dictation, voting against a Constitution in which their courts were recognized and they continued in office. At present the Superior and Common Pleas Courts of the city of New York, the Superior Court of Buffalo, and the City Court of Brooklyn are not "constitutional" courts. It happened that many gentlemen connected with those courts were members of the Convention, all, without exception, Democrats, and the Convention "constitutionalized" them. It was a judicious policy, but apparently it did not affect partisan action. The whole Judiciary article, however, is declared by the lawyers of both parties and from all sections of the State to be a very great improvement upon the present system. No one was more strenuously of this opinion than Judge Comstock of Syracuse, who especially interested himself in the article, and whose opinion upon all purely legal questions, when not complicated with politics, was justly of great weight in the Convention. The article was adopted after a remarkably able and thorough discussion, and is well worthy the most careful study of the people.

THE REMOVABILITY OF PUBLIC OFFICERS.

President Johnson, in deciding to remove Mr. Stanton, accepted the construction put upon the Constitution by the first Congress, that the power of removal is an Executive power, and rejected that of the last Congress that it shall be exercised only by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. He did this with his eyes open, in clear view of the fact that the House which impeaches, and the Senate which tries, had, as legislators under the solemnity of an oath to support the Constitution, asserted the policy in the Tenure-of-Office Act which he deliberately spurned and contemned. He knew full well that the Court of Impeachment were judges of the law and of the fact—no higher tribunal having been created by the people—and that it was improbable that they would reject as members of the Court what as Senators they had solemnly avowed. He can not complain, therefore, of the situation, as he chose it voluntarily and defiantly—acting in conjunction with those who seek to defeat the general policy of Congress. He was the head of the Government; he had sworn to see the laws faithfully executed, but he placed himself in direct opposition to their execution. Congress could not retain the support of the people, or secure respect for the laws in any quarter, if an instance so signal and flagrant of contempt for their authority, involving a threat of repetition, were overlooked.

The First Congress was undoubtedly influenced in its decision by the exalted character of the President, and the probability that the succession for a long course of years would devolve on the revolutionary patriots who constituted the supports of Washington. Mr. Madison said, in the debate on the motion to strike out the words "to be removable by the President" in the act creating the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, that "If the Constitution is silent, and it is a power the Legislature have a right to confer, it will appear to the world, if we strike out the clause, as if *we doubted the propriety of vesting it in the President of the United States.*" Mr. Smith, member from South Carolina, observed, "Perhaps gentlemen are so much dazzled with the splendor of the virtues of the President as not to be able to see into futurity. The framers of the Constitution did not confine their views to the first person who was looked up to, to fill the Presidential chair."

The prudence of the several incumbents of the Presidency to, and including, John Quincy Adams, in exercising the power of removal, satisfied the country with the decision thus made. The instance during the administration of Mr. Adams, of the attempted removal of Jonathan Thompson, Collector of this port, is well remembered. A Committee consisting of important citizens of New York, headed by Charles King, went to Washington for that object. Mr. Adams expressed his willingness to gratify them, and they were about leaving. "But, gentlemen," said he, "you have not mentioned the objections you have to Mr. Thompson." "Why," said Mr. King, "he is against your Administration." Mr. Adams, finding there was no other objection, answered, that Mr. Thompson had a perfect right to his own opinion; and if there were no other reasons he should not be removed.

On the inauguration of General Jackson the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils was announced, and in one year from his inauguration on the 4th of March, 1829, the removals amounted to eight in the diplomatic corps, thirty-six in the Executive departments, and one hundred and ninety-nine in important civil posts, whereas during the eight years of Washington's administration only nine officers in the whole had been displaced. "This extraordinary change," said Judge Story, "has awakened general attention and brought back the whole controversy with regard to the Executive power of removal to a severe scrutiny. Many of the most eminent statesmen in the country," he continues, "have expressed a deliberate opinion that it is utterly indefensible, and that the only sound interpretation of the Constitution is that avowed upon its adoption; that is to say, that the power of removal belongs to the appointing power"—meaning the Senate conjointly with the President.

The Constitution expressly provides that the appointment of all inferior officers may be devolved upon the President alone, the Heads of Departments, or the Supreme Court. The appointment of all officers below the grade of the Heads of Departments may thus be provided for by Congress, which might confer the authority on the Heads of Departments and the Supreme Court alone as to all officers respectively under them. This constitutional provision could not be satisfied if the President might remove such appointees at his pleasure. As to all such appointments, the power of removal would follow the appointing power, for otherwise perpetual conflict might exist between the two authorities, one insisting upon appointing, the other upon removing. Here, then, it must be admitted, is an exception which Congress may make to the universality of the rule authorizing removals, claimed as appertaining to the Presidential office. The character of this power, to be exercised by the Heads of Departments under the Constitution, furnishes a strong argument against the position that they themselves may be displaced by the President. The power of the President over them expressed in the Constitution is that "he may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." The expression of this power would be wholly unnecessary if the Constitution, by necessary implication, gave the President alone power to remove these very officers, for this would have embraced entire control over their action. The Heads of Departments have duties to perform most intimately connected with Congress. Treaties are to be made by and with the *advice*, and subsequently by and with the *consent* of the Senate, provided two-thirds of those present concur. The Secretary of State, whose duties relate chiefly to foreign affairs, represents both the President and the Senate in this duty. The Secretary of the Treasury makes his report directly to Congress, not to the President. This is done to enable Congress to employ the proper means to meet the public expenditure. The Secretary of War is equally the representative of the Legislative and of the Executive Department. The power to declare war is wholly Legislative under our Constitution, differing in that respect from the British, under which it is wholly Executive. The controversy between Congress and the President with respect to the mode of tying up the ends of the war, in which he seeks to defeat their will constitutionally expressed—for in a civil war the terms of peace are fixed by Congress in its discretion—proves the necessity of exempting the Secretary of War from the President's power of removal, except with the advice and consent of the Senate. If Congress may fix the tenure of any of these executive offices in a way to prevent the exercise by the President of the power of removal, it puts an end to the implication claimed in his behalf.

The power claimed for the President would enable him to defeat the action of the Senate in the matter of appointments, and thus in effect destroy the constitutional provision by which it is required. On the adjournment of the Senate the President, by removing the person appointed on their advice and consent, might substitute another and an unsuitable person—one to whose appointment such advice and consent had been refused. If to this it is answered, that the President would subject himself to impeachment, then we say that the offense committed more certainly deserves this remedy.

The theory that removal follows the appointing power, or if it do not, that Congress which creates may fix the precise tenure of office when not otherwise specified in the Constitution, reconciles provisions which on the opposite doctrine must be deemed utterly inconsistent. The power conferred on the President in terms to issue *commissions* in case of *vacancy* happening during the *recess of the Senate*, is not in harmony with the power claimed as implied that he may make and fill a vacancy at any time. The power conferred on Congress to devolve the appointment of inferior officers on the President alone, or the Supreme Court, or the Heads of Departments, can not be exercised consistently with the broad ground claimed for the President, that *he*, independently of Congress, may remove all executive officers even if their appointment and removal be devolved by Congress on the Heads of Departments alone.

The removability of executive officers by the Chief Executive derives its origin from the peculiarities of the British Constitution. It has been transplanted here not by express grant but by *implication* against the popular branch of our Government, and in favor of one against which our jealousies were aroused. In England the Queen has an inheritable estate in her office, which she needs to support by extraordinary power. But this power is allowed to her only on the condition that the great offices in the realm shall be filled in complete subserviency to the principles of the Parliamentary majority. When in a minority, the ministry resign. The President expects to have the benefit of the Queen's prerogative, without submitting to the obligation which the Queen is obliged to concede of a ministry harmonious with Parliament. The denial of this obligation in England would produce a revolution. It can scarcely be expected that a bold defiance of the clearly and legally expressed will of Congress can go unredressed under our Government.

RIBALDRY AS AN IMPEACHABLE OFFENSE.

The House of Representatives did not strengthen in public opinion the indictment against the President by adopting the article offered by General Butler, and reciting the indecencies of speech of which the President was guilty during his disgraceful tour to the grave of Douglas. It is unspeakably shameful and humiliating that a President of the United States should be so far lost to all sense of common propriety as to denounce Senators and Representatives by name, to declare that Congress was an unconstitutional body hanging upon the verge of the Government, and to ask whether if he were Judas Iscariot Mr. Sumner were his Christ. These are indecencies so revolting that they seem incredible. They are a disgrace deeper than has ever befallen the Presidential office; and it is common charity to suppose them to have been the result of mingled intoxication and rage. Indeed, could habitual intoxication be proved against the President, it would be ample reason for his impeachment and removal.

But this is not proposed. These remarks are charged as a high misdemeanor, but are they of a kind for which a President should be impeached? We think not. Ribaldry, if the result of ill-temper, is shameful; and if the consequence of habitual drunkenness, as we said, the offender should be removed for the drunkenness. Congress has hitherto acted with great good-sense in the matter. While Mr. Johnson as a stump-orator denounced it as an illegal body, but continued as President to recognize its authority, it merely shared the profound humiliation of all good citizens. But when he proceeded not only to denounce it, but to treat it as an illegal body, by defiantly violating the law, Congress instantly impeached him. It does not strengthen the charge against him of violating the law to urge that he said that Congress had no right to pass laws.

The managers have the right of dropping any article, and we hope that they will see the propriety of dropping one which is not substantial, and which may tend seriously to prolong the trial. If a deliberate, intentional violation of the law is proved, when no public emergency exists and no immediate essential purpose can be pleaded which would not brook delay, it is not necessary to show such violation to be part of a conspiracy to defeat the law. An executive officer who violates his oath to see that the laws are faithfully administered, even if his excuse be plausible, is not an officer who can be wisely trusted with the execution of laws. But if every significant action of a long career reveals bad faith, the important point to prove, in the simplest and speediest manner, is the violation of law. It was the universal expectation and wish that this should be the method with the President, and we trust it will yet be adopted.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND THE SENATE.

The conduct of the Chief Justice of the United States in regard to the proceedings for impeachment has excited a great deal of comment upon the part of his friends, and it has been generally unfavorable to him. This was the natural consequence of the delay, and difference with the Senate, which the letter of the Chief Justice seemed to suggest. But it was surely not extraordinary that so dignified an officer, made by the Constitution the president of the Senate when acting as a Court of Impeachment, should be unwilling to be set aside as a mere decorative cipher, not to be consulted or considered in the organization of the Court, and to have no voice in its judgment. The case is unprecedented. There is no letter to guide to a conclusion. The presumption is, at least, not intolerable that the Senate can not organize as a court until it *is* a court, and that it is not a court until, according to the Constitution, the Chief Justice is seated as its presiding officer. The precedent is now making, and the Chief Justice properly desires that it shall be carefully and firmly made, and he therefore interposes a suggestion, but in the most respectful manner. "I am informed," he says, "that the Senate has proceeded upon other views, and it is not my purpose to contest what its superior wisdom may have directed." But as the Chief Justice is made an important part of the Court of Impeachment, it seemed to him "fitting and obligatory, when he is unable to concur in the views of the Senate concerning matters essential to the trial, that his respectful dissent should appear."

There is certainly nothing unreasonable in this. For why is the Chief Justice made the President of the Court? Doubtless for two reasons: first, that the Vice-President, who is to be promoted by the removal should the trial end in conviction, should not preside over the trial; and secondly, that in so grave a matter as the summary change of the Chief Executive without a vote of the people, the two other branches of the Government should unite, the Judiciary Department being present in the person of its chief. Is he, then, to be a merely ceremonial or substantive part of the Court? Judge Chase evidently thinks that he is not wholly a ceremony; but Senator Conkling quoted various English authorities which he thought proved the immemorial understanding to be that the President of such a Court has no vote or decision; he is only to keep order and dispatch business. If that be so, there would seem to be no reason for uniting the Supreme Court with the Senate in the manner indicated, and with the view which is plainly expressed by Madison in the Number of the *Federalist* from which the Chief Justice quotes. The Constitution could have empowered the Senate to elect a President from their own number. It can hardly be supposed that it would have taken the Chief Justice of the United States to make him a dummy in the highest tribunal for a specific purpose known to the law.

But whatever the correct view, the motives of Judge Chase, it seems to us, should be quite above harsh suspicion. We certainly do not see the force of the Chief Justice's opinion that the Senate should be organized as a Court of Impeachment before the announcement of impeachment is made from the House. For until the impeachment is announced how can the Senate be formally notified? But that when the Senate proceeds to organize as a court it should adopt its rules under the presidency of its constitutional chief does not seem a very rash or disorganizing proposition.

DIPLOMATIC DISCIPLINE.

Another M'Cracken has appeared. Mr. Richard Rothwell writes to the Secretary of State that the United States Consul at Rome, Mr. Cushman, has been dragging the good name of America in the mire by fighting with the Papal troops against Garibaldi. Mr. Seward sends a copy of the letter to Consul Cushman, who replies that Rothwell is an English artist of very eccentric habits and of very little reputation, and adds that he went out with the Papal troops, not to fight with them, but to be upon the ground and ascertain the truth for himself. We know nothing of Consul Cushman. He may be as much of a *reactionaire* as his official superior in the State Department; but there is nothing essentially improbable in his story. We have known other Americans who went upon the staffs of French Generals in their African campaigns, but who are not therefore to be supposed in favor of the French policy in Algiers. They were not consuls, however, and Mr. Cushman may have forgotten his official character—although if any such functionary may be pardoned for such forgetfulness it is the United States Consul in Rome.

But the extraordinary part of the correspondence is not the letter of Mr. Rothwell nor of Consul Cushman, but of Mr. Seward. With the air of a schoolmaster threatening a small pupil, or of a Prussian drill-sergeant shaking his cane at a raw recruit, Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, writes to an agent of this Government as follows: "Your conduct is for these reasons entirely disapproved. *It will depend in part upon your own better conduct hereafter*, and in some part on circumstances not yet fully understood, whether the Department can be content to leave the case with a reprimand." The discipline of an American agent or minister exposed to the letters of M'Cracken, Rothwell, and Seward is certainly severe.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

The transactions in Congress outside of impeachment have been of little importance. The progress of the impeachment measures are fully reported elsewhere.

Mr. John A. Logan, in the House, on March 9, astonished the members by announcing that three officials had certified to the destruction of $18,640,000 of canceled bonds, when in fact no such bonds had been destroyed. The Committee on Retrenchment at once began inquiries into the charge.

NEWS ITEMS.

In the Louisiana Reconstruction Convention, on March 6, a resolution was offered by a colored delegate declaring that the presence of Jefferson Davis in the State was detrimental to peace and good order, and that he be notified to leave the State within twenty-four hours; but after debate the resolution was ordered to be returned to the delegate from whom it emanated.

General George R. Vickers, of Kent County, Maryland, was elected United States Senator on March 6, *vice* Thomas, who was declared ineligible.

The national debt was decreased over $7,000,000 in February last.

The Louisiana Constitutional Convention concluded its labors on March 7, and signed the new constitution.

The great snows of the past winter threaten to flood the rivers of the whole country. In the West several of the streams are overflowing, and numerous railroad bridges have been swept away.

California lately enjoyed a regular Alpine avalanche five or six miles in extent, by which a town was destroyed and several Chinamen killed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The subject of *Alabama* claims lately agitated the British House of Commons for several days. The champion of America in the debate was Mr. Shaw Lefevre. Mr. Gladstone argued that both parties had done wrong, and thought arbitration was needed.

Disraeli, the new Premier of England, has already planned a reform bill for Ireland, in which the abuses of the landlord system and of the churches are to be remedied—on paper.

Prussia has obliterated the last vestige of the late kingdom of Hanover by confiscating the estates of the late king.

They are on the eve of a revolution in Portugal. Lately the queen's effigy was burned at Lisbon by a mob.

Reverend Jonas King, D.D., American missionary at Athens, Greece, has been cited for the sixth time to appear before the "Holy Synod" of Greece, to answer a charge of having "reviled the Christian religion, blasphemed against the holy Mother of God and ever-virgin Mary, the worship of the holy Images, the Inspiration of the Sacred Councils, the divine Mystery of Confession, the prayers of the faithful for the dead, and the divine Transubstantiation." The offense (?) was committed by the publication of a book which Mr. King had written and published in Greek, entitled, "Answer of Jonas King to a pamphlet entitled 'The Two Clergymen,' by the Bishop of Carystia Macarios Kalliarchon."

Cholera is raging at St. Thomas (our new West Indian possessions), and at Tangier, Morocco.

The New Dominion of Canada is not prospering. The tax-oppressed blue-noses are already emigrating to the United States, and eager inquiries are made as to the best of the Western States to fly to. Nova Scotia has resolved to reconsider her vote joining the Confederation; and it now appears that the expenditures of the Dominion for February were nearly $200,000 more than the revenue for the same time.

INCIDENTS OF THE IMPEACHMENT.

After the anger and indignation which were first kindled at the usurpation of the President in removing Mr. Stanton without the consent of the Senate had subsided, Congress appears to have been inspired by a firm but quiet determination to resist and punish him. After resolving to impeach him, the House has, without passion, and with little evidence and no expressions of malice, proceeded calmly with the preliminary steps to impeachment, and the Senate, with cool deliberation and imposing, though simple, ceremonies, has already begun the trial.

APATHY OF CONGRESS.

Our correspondents and artists at Washington unite in describing the serious and earnest composure of both Houses in acting upon the subject of impeachment, and the notable absence, whenever impeachment is discussed, of all the apathy and levity which is usual on other occasions. On almost all other questions, even that of Reconstruction, the House displays its want of interest; the halls become deserted or grow noisy; but when Impeachment is talked of—*pro* or *con*—it is only the lobbies which are empty. An amusing scene which illustrates the apathy of members on other and minor questions is given by our artist on page 180. It occurred on February 26, while the House of Representatives was discussing the Indian Appropriation Bill. Mr. John W. Chanler, of New York, had the floor, and, standing at one of the desks in the front row, spoke for half an hour as interestingly as one can speak on such a dry subject. Mr. A. G. Burr, of Illinois, sat, or rather reclined, in the adjacent seat, and so near that the sweep of Mr. Chanler's hand, in gesticulating, passed very close to Mr. Burr's nose. One would naturally suppose that a loud, shrill voice, such as Mr. Chanler possesses, would at least have kept Mr. Burr awake. But the very reverse was the case. Mr. Chanler had been speaking and gesticulating very earnestly for less than five minutes, when Mr. Burr stretched both legs upon his desk, slid down in his chair until his head rested on the cushions of the back, and calmly slept until Impeachment came up as the unexpired business, when he instantly awoke, as the Reporters' Gallery has it, with "Mr. Chairman" on his lips!

THE RACE FOR THE WIRES.

The excitement in regard to Impeachment in Washington appears, indeed, to be confined almost entirely to the newspaper men; and they display it only when something very important is on the tapis. On the morning on which the public printer was to deliver the impeachment articles to the House the whole force of newspaper correspondents, to the number of fifteen or twenty, assembled in the lobby to await his arrival. As soon as he entered the floor sacred to the "third house" the crowd of correspondents rushed at him, regardless alike of the warnings of the doorkeepers and policemen and the entreaties of the public printer. They pushed him and his bundles violently through an open door into a committee-room, where a House committee was discussing some weighty subject; violently dissolved the committee for the time without the slightest regard for its dignity; grasped the bundles from the hands of the printer, cut them open, and rifled them of their contents, before he could resist or the officers could interfere. The precious documents having been secured by the rival reporters, a race was made for the nearest telegraph office. The whole force rushed through the lobbies regardless of the persons whom they there encountered, and whom they rudely jostled aside, past Leutze's "Course of Empire" without stopping to point out its beauties or absurdities, and into the telegraph office in the reporters' gallery of the House. Our artist has given this scene as illustrative of the energy of the reporters, and it certainly is as characteristic of that industrious class as the scene on the floor is of most of the occupants of the House.

MR. STEVENS'S LAST SPEECH ON IMPEACHMENT.

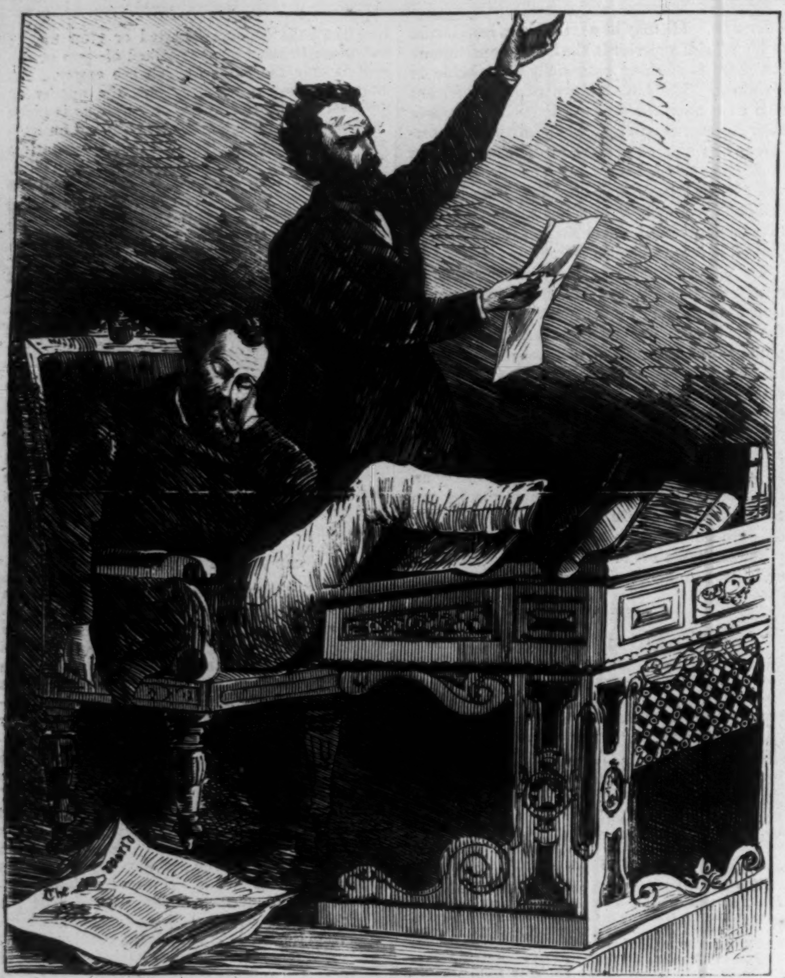
Since our previous issue the most interesting events which have transpired have been the "Last Speech on Impeachment," and the "Last Levee of the President." Both of these occurred on March 2; and are illustrated by our artist on pages 180 and 184. March 2 was set aside for the consideration of impeachment; it had been duly announced that Thaddeus Stevens would close the debate at three o'clock, and that a vote would be taken promptly on its conclusion. Our illustration of the "Last Speech on Impeachment" shows this scene, which was one of the most interesting ever witnessed in the House. Mr. Stevens sat, as he frequently does, near the clerk's desk and on the left of the Speaker. When he rose from his seat and pronounced, in a clear and emphatic voice, "Never was a great malefactor so gently treated as Andrew Johnson," even the noisy galleries became quiet, and a deathlike stillness reigned throughout the House. It was broken a moment afterward, but for a moment only, by the movement of persons in the rear seats of the gallery rising to lean forward that they might see as well as hear the speaker, and by the general movement on the floor of the House of the members, who, walking on tip-toe, approached the speaker and gazed up in his face while he spoke. Even the pages ceased their noiseless movements about the room, and gathered near the old man, perhaps more to gaze upon than to hear him. The Chairman, too, left his chair and stood before the clerk's desk to hear and watch the old "leader of the House." This speech, the last on impeachment in the House, will probably also be the last great effort of Mr. Stevens, as he is very weak and aged, and has been warned by his friends of an early end to his earthly career.

THE PRESIDENT'S LAST LEVEE.

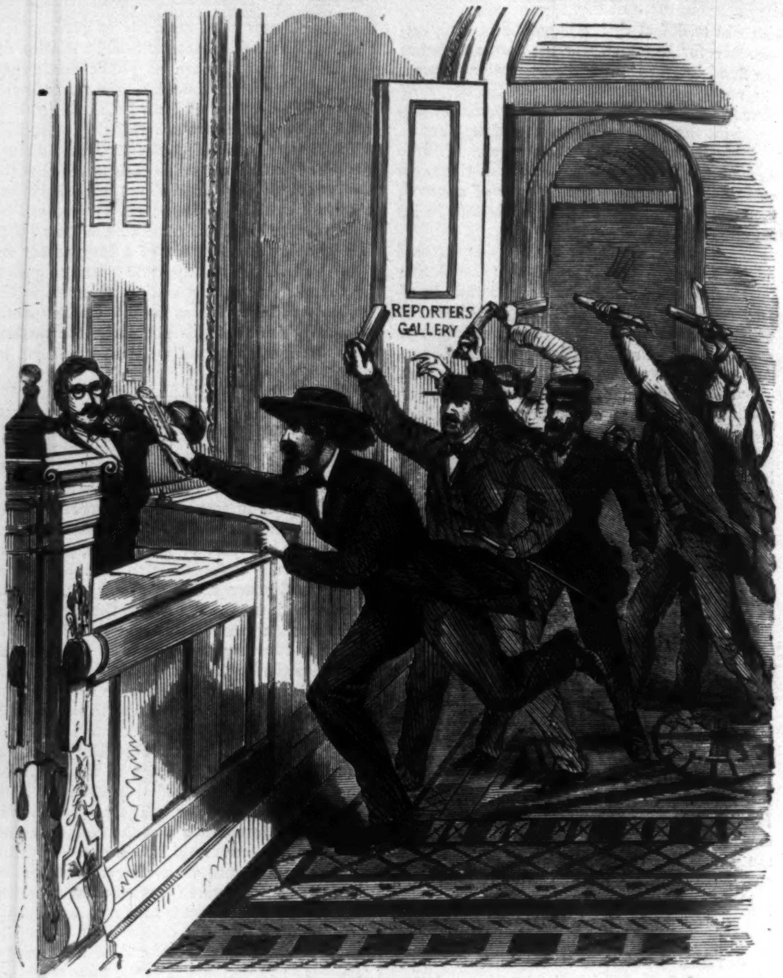
The levee of Mr. Johnson, held on the same evening as that on which this speech was made and the impeachment articles were adopted, was officially announced as "the last levee of the President." Of course the last one of the season was meant, but it may prove to be his last in reality. It was not numerously attended, nor were the persons present particularly noted, or the dresses worn particularly brilliant.

THE IMPEACHMENT MANAGERS.

We give on the front page of this issue the portraits of the seven "Managers of the Impeachment," as the members who were elected by the House of Representatives to conduct the trial on the part of the people are called. John A. Bingham, of Ohio, the chairman, is noted for his prominence in various great criminal trials, including that of the assassins of President Lincoln, and he was also the Chairman of the House Managers who prosecuted West H. Humphreys,

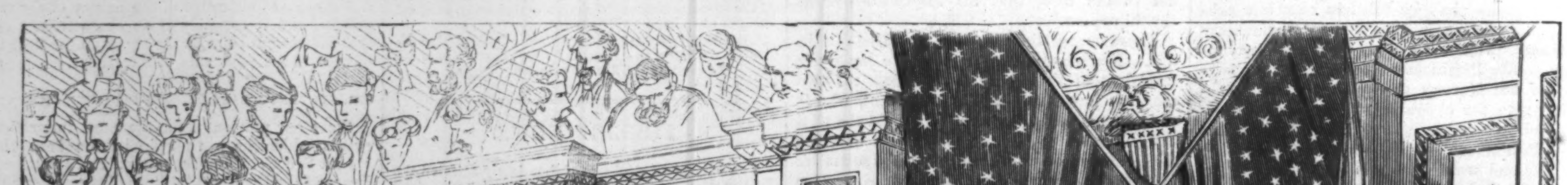


SCENE IN THE HOUSE—APATHY OF THE MEMBERS.



A RACE FOR THE WIRES—ENERGY OF THE REPORTERS.

impeached a few years since on charges of uttering secession sentiments, preferred by **Andrew Johnson**, then Military Governor of Tennessee. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and is now fifty-three years of age. **George S. Boutwell**, of Massachusetts, is among the most positive and unflinching as well as one of the ablest of the impeachers, and was originally elected chairman of the managers, but resigned in favor of Mr. **Bingham**. With Generals **John A. Logan** and **Benjamin Butler** the whole country is familiar, their military and legal abilities having in times past been made clearly manifest. **James F. Wilson**, of Iowa, is now but forty years of age, but as a leading senator of his State, and as its representative in three several Congresses, he has displayed marked abilities, which entitle him to take high rank as a lawyer even among those with whom he is associated in the great trial of the age. **Thomas Williams**, of Pennsylvania, is a native of Pennsylvania, and sixty-two years of age. His legal career has been a very successful one, and he has served as a legislator in the three last Congresses with great credit.



THE LAST SPEECH ON IMPEACHMENT—THADDEUS STEVENS CLOSING THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE, March 2.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

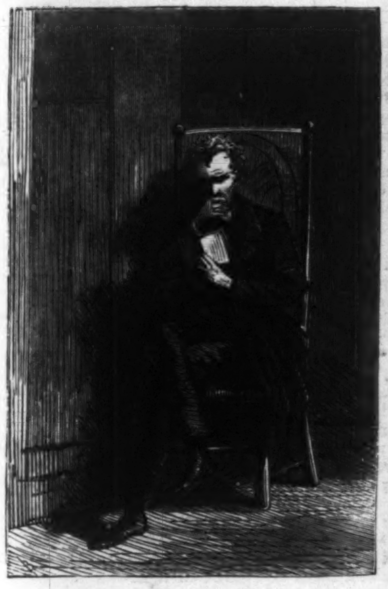
THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

THE first words, when we had taken our seats, were spoken by my lady.

"Sergeant Cuff," she said, "there was perhaps some excuse for the inconsiderate manner in which I spoke to you half an hour since. I have no wish, however, to claim that excuse. I say, with perfect sincerity, that I regret it, if I wronged you."

The grace of voice and manner with which she made him that atonement had its due effect on the Sergeant. He requested permission to justify himself—putting his justification as an act of respect to my mistress. It was impossible, he said, that he could be in any way responsible for the calamity which had shocked us all, for this sufficient reason, that his success in bringing his inquiry to its proper end depended on his neither saying nor doing any thing that could alarm Rosanna Spearman. He appealed to me to testify whether he had, or had not, carried that object out. I could, and did, bear witness that he had. And there, as I thought, the matter might have been judiciously left to come to an end.

Sergeant Cuff, however, took it a step further, evidently (as you shall now judge) with the purpose of forcing the most painful of all possible explanations to take place between her ladyship and himself.

"I have heard a motive assigned for the young woman's suicide," said the Sergeant, "which may possibly be the right one. It is a motive quite unconnected with the case which I am conducting here. I am bound to add, however, that my own opinion points the other way. Some unbearable anxiety, in connection with the missing Diamond, has, as I believe, driven the poor creature to her own destruction. I don't pretend to know what that unbearable anxiety may have been. But I think (with your ladyship's permission) I can lay my hand on a person who is capable of deciding whether I am right or wrong."

"Is the person now in the house?" my mistress asked, after waiting a little.

"The person has left the house, my lady."

That answer pointed as straight to Miss Rachel as straight could be. A silence dropped on us which I thought would never come to an end. Lord! how the wind howled, and how the rain drove at the window, as I sat there waiting for one or other of them to speak again!

"Be so good as to express yourself plainly," said my lady. "Do you refer to my daughter?"

"I do," said Sergeant Cuff, in so many words.

My mistress had her check-book on the table when we entered the room—no doubt to pay the Sergeant his fee. She now put it back in the drawer. It went to my heart to see how her poor hand trembled—the hand that had loaded her old servant with benefits; the hand that, I pray God, may take mine, when my time comes, and I leave my place forever!

"I had hoped," said my lady, very slowly and quietly, "to have recompensed your services, and to have parted with you without Miss Verinder's name having been openly mentioned between us as it has been mentioned now. My nephew has probably said something of this before you came into my room?"

"Mr. Blake gave his message, my lady. And I gave Mr. Blake a reason—"

"It is needless to tell me your reason. After what you have just said you know as well as I do that you have gone too far to go back. I owe it to myself, and I owe it to my child, to insist on your remaining here, and to insist on your speaking out."

The Sergeant looked at his watch.

"If there had been time, my lady," he answered, "I should have preferred writing my report, instead of communicating it by word of mouth. But, if this inquiry is to go on, time is of too much importance to be wasted in writing. I am ready to go into the matter at once. It is a very painful matter for me to speak of, and for you to hear—"

There my mistress stopped him once more.

"I may possibly make it less painful to you, and to my good servant and friend here," she said, "if I set the example of speaking boldly on my side. You suspect Miss Verinder of deceiving us all by secreting the Diamond for some purpose of her own? Is that true?"

"Quite true, my lady."

"Very well. Now, before you begin, I have to tell you, as Miss Verinder's mother, that she is *absolutely incapable* of doing what you suppose her to have done. Your knowledge of her character dates from a day or two since. My knowledge of her character dates from the beginning of her life. State your suspicion of her as strongly as you please—it is impossible that you can offend me by doing so. I am sure, beforehand, that (with all your experience) the circumstances have fatally misled you in this case. Mind! I am in possession of no private information. I am as absolutely shut out of my daughter's confidence as you are. My one reason for speaking positively is the reason you have heard already. I know my child."

She turned to me, and gave me her hand. I kissed it in silence. "You may go on," she said, facing the Sergeant again as steadily as ever.

Sergeant Cuff bowed. My mistress had produced but one effect on him. His hatchet-face softened for a moment, as if he was sorry for her. As to shaking him in his own conviction, it was plain to see that she had not moved him by a single inch. He settled himself in his chair, and he began his vile attack on Miss Rachel's character in these words:

"I must ask your ladyship," he said, "to look this matter in the face, from my point of view as well as from yours. Will you please to suppose yourself coming down here, in my place, and with my experience? and will you allow me to mention very briefly what that experience has been?"

My mistress signed to him that she would do this. The Sergeant went on:

"For the last twenty years," he said, "I have been largely employed in cases of family scandal, acting in the capacity of confidential man. The one result of my domestic practice which has any bearing on the matter now in hand is a result which I may state in two words. It is well within my experience that young ladies of rank and position do occasionally have private debts which they dare not acknowledge to their nearest relatives and friends. Sometimes the milliner and jeweler are at the bottom of it. Sometimes the money is wanted for purposes which I don't suspect in this case, and which I won't shock you by mentioning. Bear in mind what I have said, my lady—and now let us see how events in this house have forced me back on my own experience, whether I liked it or not!"

He considered with himself for a moment, and went on—with a horrid clearness that forced you to understand him; with an abominable justice that favored nobody.

"My first information relating to the loss of the Moonstone," said the Sergeant, "came to me from Superintendent Seegrave. He proved to my complete satisfaction that he was perfectly incapable of managing the case. The one thing he said which struck me as worth listening to was this—that Miss Verinder had declined to be questioned by him, and had spoken to him with a perfectly incomprehensible rudeness and contempt. I thought this curious—but I attributed it mainly to some clumsiness on the Superintendent's part which might have offended the young lady. After that I put it by in my mind, and applied myself, single-handed, to the case. It ended, as you are aware, in the discovery of the smear on the door, and in Mr. Franklin Blake's evidence satisfying me that this same smear, and the loss of the Diamond, were pieces of the same puzzle. So far, if I suspected any thing, I suspected that the Moonstone had been stolen, and that one of the servants might prove to be the thief. Very good. In this state of things, what happens? Miss Verinder suddenly comes out of her room, and speaks to me. I observe three suspicious appearances in that young lady. She is still violently agitated, though more than four-and-twenty hours have passed since the Diamond was lost. She treats me as she has already treated Superintendent Seegrave. And she is mortally offended with Mr. Franklin Blake. Very good again. Here (I say to myself) is a young lady who has lost a valuable jewel—a young lady, also, as my own eyes and ears inform me, who is of an impetuous temperament. Under these circumstances, and with that character, what does she do? She betrays an incomprehensible resentment against Mr. Blake, Mr. Superintendent, and myself—otherwise, the very three people who have all, in their different ways, been trying to help her to recover her lost jewel. Having brought my inquiry to that point—*then*, my lady, and not till then, I begin to look back into my own mind for my own experience. My own experience explains Miss Verinder's otherwise incomprehensible conduct. It associates her with those other young ladies that I know of. It tells me she has debts she daren't acknowledge, that must be paid. And it sets me asking myself, whether the loss of the Diamond may not mean—that the Diamond must be secretly pledged to pay them. That is the conclusion which my experience draws from plain facts. What does your ladyship's experience say against it?"

"What I have said already," answered my mistress. "The circumstances have misled you."

I said nothing on my side. Robinson Crusoe—God knows how—had got into my muddled old head. If Sergeant Cuff had found himself, at that moment, transported to a desert Island, without a man Friday to keep him company, or a ship to take him off, he would have found himself exactly where I wished him to be! (*Nota bene*:—I am an average good Christian, when you don't push my Christianity too far. And all the rest of you—which is a great comfort—are, in this respect, much the same as I am.)

Sergeant Cuff went on:

"Right or wrong, my lady," he said, "having drawn my conclusion, the next thing to do was to put it to the test. I suggested to your ladyship the examination of all the wardrobes in the house. It was a means of finding the article of dress which had, in all probability, made the smear; and it was a means of putting my conclusion to the test. How did it turn out? Your ladyship consented; Mr. Blake consented; Mr. Ablewhite consented. Miss Verinder alone stopped the whole proceeding by refusing point-blank. That result satisfied me that my view was the right one. If your ladyship and Mr. Betteredge persist in not agreeing with me, you must be blind to what happened before you this very day. In your hearing, I told the young lady that her leaving the house (as things were then) would put an obstacle in the way of my recovering her jewel. You saw yourselves that she drove off in the face of that statement. You saw yourselves that, so far from forgiving Mr. Blake for having done more than all the rest of you to put the clew into my hands, she publicly insulted Mr. Blake, on the steps of her mother's house. What do these things mean? If Miss Verinder is not privy to the suppression of the Diamond, what do these things mean?"

This time he looked my way. It was downright frightful to hear him piling up proof after proof against Miss Rachel, and to know, while one was longing to defend her, that there was no disputing the truth of what he said. I am (thank God!) constitutionally superior to reason. This enabled me to hold firm to my lady's view, which was my view also. This roused my spirit, and made me put a bold face on it before Sergeant Cuff. Profit, good friends, I beseech you, by my example. It will save you from many troubles of the vexing sort. Cultivate a superiority to reason, and see how you pare the claws of all the sensible people when they try to scratch you for your own good!

Finding that I made no remark, and that my mistress made no remark, Sergeant Cuff proceeded. Lord! how it did enrage me to notice that he was not in the least put out by our silence!

"There is the case, my lady, as it stands against Miss Verinder alone," he said. "The next thing is to put the case as it stands against Miss Verinder and the deceased Rosanna Spearman, taken together. We will go back for a moment, if you please, to your daughter's refusal to let her wardrobe be examined. My mind being made up, after that circumstance, I had two questions to consider next. First, as to the right method of conducting my inquiry. Second, as to whether Miss Verinder had an accomplice among the female servants in the house. After carefully thinking it over I determined to conduct the inquiry in, what we should call at our office, a highly irregular manner. For this reason: I had a family scandal to deal with, which it was my business to keep within the family limits. The less noise made, and the fewer strangers employed to help me, the better. As to the usual course of taking people in custody on suspicion, going before the magistrate, and all the rest of it—nothing of the sort was to be thought of, when your ladyship's daughter was (as I believed) at the bottom of the whole business. In this case, I felt that a person of Mr. Betteredge's character and position in the house—knowing the servants as he did, and having the honor of the family at heart—would be safer to take as an assistant than any other person whom I could lay my hand on. I should have tried Mr. Blake as well—but for one obstacle in the way. *He* saw the drift of my proceedings at a very early date; and, with his interest in Miss Verinder, any mutual understanding was impossible between him and me. I trouble your ladyship with these particulars to show you that I have kept the family secret within the family circle. I am the only outsider who knows it—and my professional existence depends on holding my tongue."

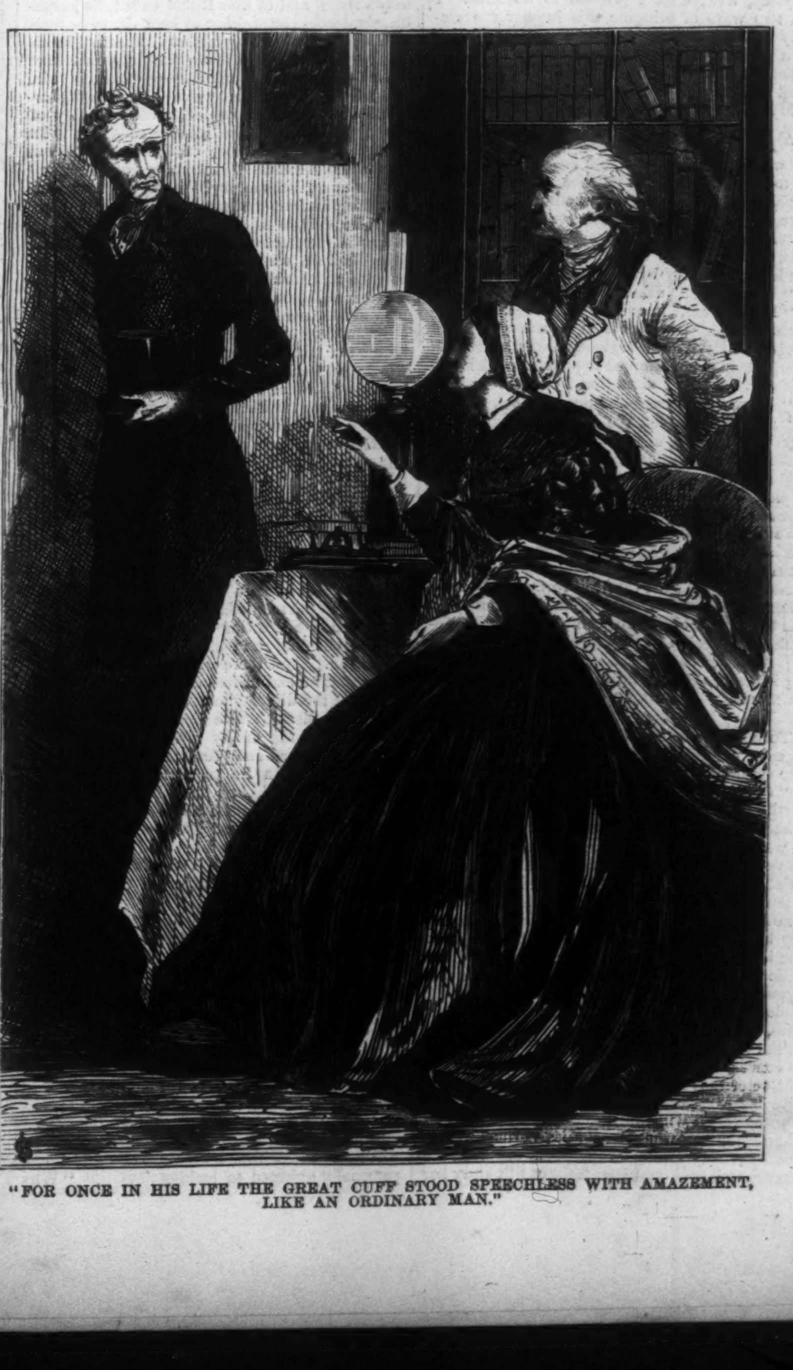
Here I felt that *my* professional existence depended on not holding *my* tongue. To be held up before my mistress, in my old age, as a sort of deputy-policeman was, once again, more than my Christianity was strong enough to bear.

"I beg to inform your ladyship," I said, "that I never, to my knowledge, helped this abominable detective business, in any way, from first to last; and I summon Sergeant Cuff to contradict me, if he dares!"

Having giving vent in those words, I felt greatly relieved. Her ladyship honored me by a little friendly pat on the shoulder. I looked with righteous indignation at the Sergeant to see what he thought of such a testimony as *that!* The Sergeant looked back like a lamb, and seemed to like me better than ever.

My lady informed him that he might continue his statement. "I understand," she said, "that you have honestly done your best, in what you believed to be my interest. I am ready to hear what you have to say next."

"What I have to say next," answered Sergeant Cuff, "relates to Rosanna Spearman. I recognized the young woman, as your ladyship may remember, when she brought the washing-book into this room. Up to that time I was inclined to doubt whether Miss Verinder had trusted her secret to any one. When I saw Rosanna I altered my mind. I suspected her at once of being privy to the suppression of the Diamond. The poor creature has met her death by a dreadful end, and I don't want your ladyship to think,



"FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE THE GREAT CUFF STOOD SPEECHLESS WITH AMAZEMENT, LIKE AN ORDINARY MAN."

now she's gone, that I was unduly hard on her. If this had been a common case of thieving, I should have given Rosanna the benefit of the doubt just as freely as I should have given it to any of the other servants in the house. Our experience of the reformatory women is, that when tried in service—and when kindly and judiciously treated—they prove themselves in the majority of cases to be honestly penitent, and honestly worthy of the pains taken with them. But this was not a common case of thieving. It was a case—in my mind—of a deeply planned fraud, with the owner of the Diamond at the bottom of it. Holding this view, the first consideration which naturally presented itself to me, in connection with Rosanna, was this. Would Miss Verinder be satisfied (begging your ladyship's pardon) with leading us all to think that the Moonstone was merely lost? Or would she go a step further, and delude us into believing that the Moonstone was stolen? In the latter event, there was Rosanna Spearman—with the character of a thief—ready to her hand; the person of all others to lead your ladyship off, and to lead me off, on a false scent."

Was it possible (I asked myself) that he could put his case against Miss Rachel and Rosanna in a more horrid point of view than this? It *was* possible, as you shall now see.

"I had another reason for suspecting the deceased woman," he said, "which appears to me to have been stronger still. Who would be the very person to help Miss Verinder in raising money privately on the Diamond? Rosanna Spearman. No young lady in Miss Verinder's position could manage such a risky matter as that by herself. A go-between she must have, and who so fit, I ask again, as Rosanna Spearman? Your ladyship's deceased house-maid was at the top of her profession when she was a thief. She had relations, to my certain knowledge, with one of the few men in London (in the money-lending line) who would advance a large sum on such a notable jewel as the Moonstone, without asking awkward questions, or insisting on awkward conditions. Bear this in mind, my lady; and now let me show you how my suspicions have been justified by Rosanna's own acts, and by the plain inferences to be drawn from them."

He thereupon passed the whole of Rosanna's proceedings under review. You are already as well acquainted with those proceedings as I am; and you will understand how unanswerably this part of his report fixed the guilt of being concerned in the disappearance of the Moonstone on the memory of the poor dead girl. Even my mistress was daunted by what he said now. She made him no answer when he had done. It didn't seem to matter to the Sergeant whether he was answered or not. On he went (devil take him!), just as steady as ever.

"Having stated the whole case as I understand it," he said, "I have only to tell your ladyship, now, what I propose to do next. I see two ways of bringing this inquiry successfully to an end. One of those ways I look upon as a certainty. The other, I admit, is a bold experiment, and nothing more. Your ladyship shall decide. Shall we take the certainty first?"

My mistress made him a sign to take his own way, and choose for himself.

"Thank you," said the Sergeant. "We'll begin with the certainty, as your ladyship is so good as to leave it to me. Whether Miss Verinder remains at Frizinghall, or whether she returns here, I propose, in either case, to keep a careful watch on all her proceedings—on the people she sees, on the rides or walks she may take, and on the letters she may write or receive."

"What next?" asked my mistress.

"I shall next," answered the Sergeant, "request your ladyship's leave to introduce into the house, as a servant in the place of Rosanna Spearman, a woman accustomed to private inquiries of this sort, for whose discretion I can answer."

"What next?" repeated my mistress.

"Next," proceeded the Sergeant, "and last, I propose to send one of my brother-officers to make an arrangement with that money-lender in London, whom I mentioned just now as formerly acquainted with Rosanna Spearman—and whose name and address, your ladyship may rely on it, have been communicated by Rosanna to Miss Verinder. I don't deny that the course of action I am now suggesting will cost money and consume time. But the result is certain. We run a line round the Moonstone, and we draw that line closer and closer till we find it in Miss Verinder's possession, supposing she decides to keep it. If her debts press, and she decides on sending it away, then we have our man ready, and we meet the Moonstone on its arrival in London."

To hear her own daughter made the subject of such a proposal as this stung my mistress into speaking angrily for the first time.

"Consider your proposal declined, in every particular," she said. "And go on to your other way of bringing the inquiry to an end."

"My other way," said the Sergeant, going on as easy as ever, "is to try that bold experiment to which I have alluded. I think I have formed a pretty correct estimate of Miss Verinder's temperament. She is quite capable (according to my belief) of committing a daring fraud. But she is too hot and impetuous in temper, and too little accustomed to deceit as a habit, to act the hypocrite in small things, and to restrain herself under all provocations. Her feelings, in this case, have repeatedly got beyond her control, at the very time when it was plainly her interest to conceal them. It is on this peculiarity in her character that I now propose to act. I want to give her a great shock suddenly, under circumstances which will touch her to the quick. In plain English, I want to tell Miss Verinder, without a word of warning, of Rosanna's death, on the chance that her own better feelings will hurry her into making a clean breast of it. Does your ladyship accept *that* alternative?"

My mistress astonished me beyond all power of expression. She answered him on the instant:

"Yes; I do."

"The pony-chaise is ready," said the Sergeant. "I wish your ladyship good-morning."

My lady held up her hand, and stopped him at the door.

"My daughter's better feelings shall be appealed to, as you propose," she said. "But I claim the right, as her mother, of putting her to the test myself. You will remain here if you please; and I will go to Frizinghall."

For once in his life the great Cuff stood speechless with amazement, like an ordinary man.

My mistress rang the bell and ordered her water-proof things. It was still pouring with rain; and the close carriage had gone, as you know, with Miss Rachel to Frizinghall. I tried to dissuade her ladyship from facing the severity of the weather. Quite useless! I asked leave to go with her, and hold the umbrella. She wouldn't hear of it. The pony-chaise came round, with the groom in charge. "You may rely on two things," she said to Sergeant Cuff, in the hall. "I will try the experiment on Miss Verinder as boldly as you could try it yourself. And I will inform you of the result, either personally or by letter, before the last train leaves for London to-night."

With that she stepped into the chaise, and, taking the reins herself, drove off to Frizinghall.

CHAPTER XXI.

My mistress having left us I had leisure to think of Sergeant Cuff. I found him sitting in a snug corner of the hall consulting his memorandum book, and curling up viciously at the corners of the lips.

"Making notes of the case?" I asked.

"No," said the Sergeant. "Looking to see what my next professional engagement is."

"Oh!" I said. "You think it's all over, then, here?"

"I think," answered Sergeant Cuff, "that Lady Verinder is one of the cleverest women in England. I also think a rose much better worth looking at than a diamond. Where is the gardener, Mr. Betteredge?"

There was no getting a word more out of him on the matter of the Moonstone. He had lost all interest in his own inquiry; and he would persist in looking for the gardener. An hour afterward I heard them at high words in the conservatory, with the dog-rose once more at the bottom of the dispute.

In the mean time it was my business to find out whether Mr. Franklin persisted in his resolution to leave us by the afternoon train. After having been informed of the conference in my lady's room, and of how it had ended, he immediately decided on waiting to hear the news from Frizinghall. This very natural alteration in his plans—which, with ordinary people, would have led to nothing in particular—proved, in Mr. Franklin's case, to have one objectionable result. It left him unsettled, with a legacy of idle time on his hands, and in so doing it let out all the foreign sides of his character, one on the top of another, like rats out of a bag.

Now as an Italian-Englishman, now as a German-Englishman, and now as a French-Englishman, he drifted in and out of all the sitting-rooms in the house, with nothing to talk of but Miss Rachel's treatment of him; and with nobody to address himself to but me. I found him (for example) in the library, sitting under the map of Modern Italy, and quite unaware of any other method of meeting his troubles except the method of talking about them. "I have several worthy aspirations, Betteredge; but what am I to do with them now? I am full of dormant good qualities, if Rachel would only have helped me to bring them out!" He was so eloquent in drawing the picture of his own neglected merits, and so pathetic in lamenting over it when it was done, that I felt quite at my wit's end how to console him, when it suddenly occurred to me that here was a case for the wholesome application of a bit of Robinson Crusoe. I hobbled out to my own room and hobbled back with that immortal book. Nobody in the library! The map of Modern Italy stared at *me;* and *I* stared at the map of Modern Italy.

I tried the drawing-room. There was his handkerchief on the floor, to prove that he had drifted in. And there was the empty room, to prove that he had drifted out again.

I tried the dining-room, and discovered Samuel with a biscuit and a glass of sherry, silently investigating the empty air. A minute since Mr. Franklin had rung furiously for a little light refreshment. On its production, in a violent hurry, by Samuel, Mr. Franklin had vanished before the bell down stairs had quite done ringing with the pull he had given to it.

I tried the morning-room and found him at last. There he was at the window, drawing hieroglyphics with his finger in the damp on the glass.

"Your sherry is waiting for you, Sir," I said to him. I might as well have addressed myself to one of the four walls of the room; he was down in the bottomless deep of his own meditations, past all pulling up. "How do *you* explain Rachel's conduct, Betteredge?" was the only answer I received. Not being ready with the needful reply I produced Robinson Crusoe, in which I am firmly persuaded some explanation might have been found, if we had only searched long enough for it. Mr. Franklin shut up Robinson Crusoe and floundered into his German-English gibberish on the spot. "Why not look into it?" he said, as if I had personally objected to looking into it. "Why the devil lose your patience, Betteredge, when patience is all that's wanted to arrive at the truth? Don't interrupt me. Rachel's conduct is perfectly intelligible, if you will only do her the common justice to take the Objective view first, and the Subjective view next, and the Objective-Subjective view to wind up with. What do we know? We know that the loss of the Moonstone, on Thursday morning last, threw her into a state of nervous excitement from which she has not recovered yet. Do you mean to deny the Objective view, so far? Very well, then—don't interrupt me. Now, being in a state of nervous excitement, how are we to expect that she should behave as she might otherwise have behaved to any of the people about her? Arguing in this way, from within-outward, what do we reach? We reach the Subjective view. I defy you to controvert the Subjective view. Very well, then—what follows? Good Heavens! the Objective-Subjective explanation follows, of course! Rachel, properly speaking, is *not* Rachel, but Somebody Else. Do I mind being cruelly treated by Somebody Else? You are unreasonable enough, Betteredge; but you can hardly accuse me of that. Then how does it end? It ends, in spite of your confounded English narrowness and prejudice, in my being perfectly happy and comfortable. Where's the sherry?"

My head was by this time in such a condition that I was not quite sure whether it was my own head or Mr. Franklin's. In this deplorable state I contrived to do, what I take to have been, three Objective things. I got Mr. Franklin his sherry; I retired to my own room; and I solaced myself with the most composing pipe of tobacco I ever remember to have smoked in my life.

Don't suppose, however, that I was quit of Mr. Franklin on such easy terms as these. Drifting again out of the morning-room into the hall he found his way to the offices next, smelt my pipe, and was instantly reminded that he had been simple enough to give up smoking for Miss Rachel's sake. In the twinkling of an eye he burst in on me with his cigar-case, and came out strong on the one everlasting subject in his neat, witty, unbelieving, French way. "Give me a light, Betteredge. Is it conceivable that a man can have smoked as long as I have, without discovering that there is a complete system for the treatment of women at the bottom of his cigar-case? Follow me carefully, and I'll prove it in two words. You choose a cigar, you try it, and it disappoints you. What do you do upon that? You throw it away and try another. Now observe the application! You choose a woman, you try her, and she breaks your heart. Fool! take a lesson from your cigar-case. Throw her away and try another!"

I shook my head at that. Wonderfully clever, I dare say, but my own experience was dead against it. "In the time of the late Mrs. Betteredge," I said, "I felt pretty often inclined to try your philosophy, Mr. Franklin. But the law insists on your smoking your cigar, Sir, when you have once chosen it." I pointed that observation with a wink. Mr. Franklin burst out laughing—and we were as merry as crickets, until the next new side of his character turned up in due course. So things went on with my young master and me; and so (while the Sergeant and the gardener were wrangling over the roses) we two spent the interval before the news came back from Frizinghall.

The pony-chaise returned a good half hour before I had ventured to expect it. My lady had decided to remain, for the present, at her sister's house. The groom brought two letters from his mistress; one addressed to Mr. Franklin, and the other to me.

Mr. Franklin's letter I sent to him in the library—into which refuge his driftings had now taken him for the second time. My own letter I read in my own room. A check, which dropped out when I opened it, informed me (before I had mastered the contents) that Sergeant Cuff's dismissal from the inquiry after the Moonstone was now a settled thing.

I sent to the conservatory to say that I wished to speak to the Sergeant directly. He appeared, with his mind full of the gardener and the dog-rose, declaring that the equal of Mr. Begbie for obstinacy never had existed yet, and never would exist again. I requested him to dismiss such wretched trifling as this from our conversation, and to give his best attention to a really serious matter. Upon that he exerted himself sufficiently to notice the letter in my hand. "Ah!" he said in a weary way, "you have heard from her ladyship. Have I any thing to do with it, Mr. Betteredge?"

"You shall judge for yourself, Sergeant." I thereupon read him the letter (with my best emphasis and discretion), in the following words:

"My good Gabriel,—I request you will inform Sergeant Cuff that I have performed the promise I made to him; with this result, so far as Rosanna Spearman is concerned. Miss Verinder solemnly declares that she has never spoken a word in private to Rosanna, since that unhappy woman first entered my house. They never met, even accidentally, on the night when the Diamond was lost; and no communication of any sort whatever took place between them, from the Thursday morning when the alarm was first raised in the house, to this present Saturday afternoon, when Miss Verinder left us. After telling my daughter, suddenly and in so many words, of Rosanna Spearman's suicide—this is what come of it."

Having reached that point I looked up and asked Sergeant Cuff what he thought of the letter, so far?

"I should only offend you if I expressed *my* opinion," answered the Sergeant. "Go on, Mr. Betteredge," he said, with the most exasperating resignation; "go on."

When I remembered that this man had had the audacity to complain of our gardener's obstinacy my tongue itched to "go on" in other words than my mistress's. This time, however, my Christianity held firm. I proceeded steadily with her ladyship's letter:

"Having appealed to Miss Verinder in the manner which the officer thought most desirable, I spoke to her next in the manner which I myself thought most likely to impress her. On two different occasions, before my daughter left my roof, I privately warned her that she was exposing herself to suspicion of the most unendurable and most degrading kind. I have now told her, in the plainest terms, that my apprehensions have been realized.

"Her answer to this, on her own solemn affirmation, is as plain as words can be. In the first place, she owes no money privately to any living creature. In the second place, the Diamond is not now, and never has been, in her possession, since she put it into her cabinet on Wednesday night.

"The confidence which my daughter has placed in me goes no farther than this. She maintains an obstinate silence when I ask her if she can explain the disappearance of the Diamond. She refuses, with tears, when I appeal to her to speak out for my sake. 'The day will come when you will know why I am careless about being suspected, and why I am silent even to *you.* I have done much to make my mother pity me—nothing to make my mother blush for me.' Those are my daughter's own words.

"After what has passed between the officer and me, I think—stranger as he is—that he should be made acquainted with what Miss Verinder has said as well as you. Read my letter to him, and then place in his hands the check which I inclose. In resigning all further claim on his services, I have only to say that I am convinced of his honesty and his intelligence; but I am more firmly persuaded than ever that the circumstances, in this case, have fatally misled him."

There the letter ended. Before presenting the check, I asked Sergeant Cuff if he had any remark to make.

"It's no part of my duty, Mr. Betteredge," he answered, "to make remarks on a case when I have done with it."

I tossed the check across the table to him. "Do you believe in *that* part of her ladyship's letter?" I said, indignantly.

The Sergeant looked at the check, and lifted his dismal eyebrows in acknowledgment of her ladyship's liberality.

"This is such a generous estimate of the value of my time," he said, "that I feel bound to make some return for it. I'll bear in mind the amount in this check, Mr. Betteredge, when the time comes round for remembering it."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Her ladyship has smoothed matters over for the present very cleverly," said the Sergeant. "But *this* family scandal is of the sort that bursts up again when you least expect it. We shall have more detective business on our hands, Sir, before the Moonstone is many months older."

If those words meant any thing, and if the manner in which he spoke them meant any thing—it came to this. My mistress's letter had proved, to his mind, that Miss Rachel was hardened enough to resist the strongest appeal that could be addressed to her, and that she had deceived her own mother (good God, under what circumstances!) by a series of abominable lies. How other people, in my place, might have replied to the Sergeant I don't know. I answered what he had said in these plain terms:

"Sergeant Cuff, I consider your last observation as an insult to my lady and her daughter!"

"Mr. Betteredge, consider it as a warning to yourself, and you will be nearer the mark."

Hot and angry as I was, the infernal confidence with which he gave me that answer closed my lips.

THE DOCTOR'S NEW SETTLEMENT.

When old Doctor Smith died he left his young partner, Doctor Stryker, with twice as much on his hands as one man could well attend to—not that he would have ever acknowledged as much—and so nobody at the village was surprised when one morning we were told that a new medical practitioner had settled among us. He had taken a very neat little office in a good location; and there was his sign, as clear as black and gold could make it, "Dr. Alfred Lowry."

Where he came from or who he was nobody seemed to know. He seemed, however, to make acquaintances easily, and certainly his appearance was in his favor. He was a tall, fine-looking elderly gentleman, as straight as a post, with a tremendous gray beard, and a bushy head of iron-gray hair. His face was not wrinkled much, what you could see of it; and when his spectacles were off he exhibited a fine pair of piercing black eyes. He seemed a very nice sort of a man, only he had a great faculty for parrying questions, and we couldn't pump him at all. He attended church regularly, and was so liberal and appeared to care so little about practice that we soon made our minds up that he was not poor.

Plenty of business came to him whether he wanted it or not—a man like the Doctor can always do well in the country.

He made great friends with the young folks, for he was a very accomplished man. He wrote verses, and he was quite a musician; but he did all that sort of thing in such a fatherly sort of way that it did not look at all out of place.

"Any thing to amuse the children!" was a phrase he was never tired of repeating.

I took to him from the first; but our next neighbors, Deacon Senter's people, stuck to Dr. Stryker. I told them that they did so because Dr. Stryker stuck so close to Fanny. Not that Fanny disliked our new friend—indeed, if Dr. Lowry had been a younger man he would have had all the girls by the ears about him.

It was not long before we thought that nothing we got up was complete, from a picnic to a mite society, unless Dr. Lowry would give us his pleasant, grave face, and his quiet and gentlemanly but most skillful assistance.

After a while he came to board at our house, and then I liked him better than ever. In fact, I almost caught myself once or twice wishing that he was not so old.

So things went on until last summer, and then he had been there a year; but we knew no more about him than at first, except that we had a vague idea that he had lived South and been driven away by the war. It was along in June that Fanny Senter told me they were to have a lady-boarder for the summer. They had put an advertisement in a city paper and received an answer from—oh *such* a nice lady! Her name was Mrs. Loring, a widow lady from the city; and in a few days she came with a great deal of baggage, but all alone.

She was a handsome little woman, not over twenty-five years old, I thought; a blonde with dark eyes, but her face had a very sad expression, though her widow's cap was explanation enough for that.

When she came it happened that Dr. Lowry was absent for a few days. He had a way of making visits now and then, no one knew where, unless it was to the city after books.

I was always running in to see Fanny in those days, and I soon got well acquainted with Mrs. Loring. She was not in good health, but hoped that the country air would do her good. We were making our arrangements for a picnic a day or two after her arrival, but we were neither of us good at planning.

"Oh, dear me!" said Fanny at last, "how provoking it is that Dr. Lowry is not here! I can't get along without him!"

Mrs. Loring looked up from her book, and asked,

"And who is Dr. Lowry?"

"Oh, he is just the dearest old gentleman in the world, and we want him just now."

"I declare, Fanny," said I, "I do believe you are in love with Dr. Lowry."

"And so I am," said she; "he is worth all the idle young men in the village."

"Dr. Stryker included?"

"Yes, Dr. Stryker included."

But Fanny blushed a little as she said this, for we were always teasing her about the young physician. He was not a very handsome fellow, but he certainly had pursued Fanny Senter long enough to have made some impression on almost any woman.

She rattled on, however: "I don't care if he is a trifle old; he sings, and plays the piano, and he writes the most beautiful verses."

"Quite a wonderful old Doctor," said Mrs. Loring; "won't you let me see some of his verses? Of course he has dedicated some to you."

"Of course he has," said Fanny, "and I am proud of them."

I could not tell whether she said this in bravado or not, but off she ran after the verses, and when she came back she read them aloud herself. They were not very wonderful, one way or the other, but Fanny evidently thought they were. What on earth Mrs. Loring could admire in them I could not imagine, but she asked,

"Let me see them, please;" and Fanny handed them to her. The widow was quite unwell that day, and while she was reading the verses she turned so pale that Fanny and I were almost scared. She read them through slowly, as if she was trying to get them by heart, and then she said, "I think I must go and lie down a while, I am a little unwell. Which is the best physician, Dr. Stryker or Dr. Lowry?"

"Oh, they are both good," said I.

"Well, I shall not want them both, I hope, and if I send for any it will be the young one. I hate old fogies."

"Dr. Lowry is *not* an old fogy," said Fanny, indignantly.

"Oh, I forgot what a favorite he was!" said Mrs. Loring, and there was something strange in her voice as she said it; but she was just leaving the room then, and Fanny only said,

"Well, Dr. Stryker is coming here this afternoon, and if you want to see him I will tell him so."

"Please do," said Mrs. Loring.

That very afternoon Dr. Lowry got home, and when I told him about the picnic he volunteered to go right in to Deacon Senter's with me. He carried along some music he had bought for Fanny. Mrs. Loring was still in her room, and after a wild sort of laughing talk the old doctor sat down at the piano. He had a very good voice for a man of his age, and he fairly astonished us this time, for he struck up in German instead of English. It was a student song, and after he had sung it he told us that he had learned it when he was studying medicine in Europe. It was a loud and spirited thing, and his voice seemed to fill the whole house while he was singing.

We were talking about music and the picnic, and all sorts of things, when Dr. Stryker came in. We had expected him, and Fanny jumped up at once, saying,

"Dr. Stryker, I believe Mrs. Loring wants to see you; I will run in and ask her."

She was only gone a couple of minutes when she came back in an excited sort of way.

"Oh, Doctor," said she, "you must come in right away, Mrs. Loring is very ill indeed. I am really scared, and it is quite sudden."

Dr. Lowry bowed himself out very quietly, and the rest of us went into Mrs. Loring's room. She had evidently been trying to write some letters, for her writing-desk stood by the bed, but she lay there now in a high fever, and quite delirious.

Dr. Stryker asked a great many questions, but we could not tell him much, and he seemed more than a little put out and puzzled. It was an unusual case, he said, and he hardly knew what to do.

When he went out I felt pretty sure that he was going to consult with old Dr. Lowry, for they were good friends in spite of their professional rivalry; but we girls went to work and undressed Mrs. Loring and put her to bed. Fanny then said she would stay with her, and I went home after some work, intending to come back again. I found that Dr. Stryker had not been there, but he soon came in, and interrupted me while I was telling my old friend about the sick lady.

"Dr. Lowry," said he, "I must ask you to go over this evening and take a look at my new patient. I think likely you can aid me in understanding the case."

"Well," said the Doctor, "I'll come over now, if you say so."

"I wish you would, at once, for I fear that it is a dangerous case."

No sooner said than done, and we all went over together.

We found Fanny sitting by the bedside, and it seemed to me that Mrs. Loring was getting worse. She did not recognize any of us. Dr. Lowry felt of her pulse, and looked graver than I had ever seen him. The expression of his face was indeed almost painfully anxious, and he muttered something about "brain" and "nerves" that I did not half hear. Then he turned to Fanny Senter, and asked her,

"Has she been here long?"

"Only a few days."

"Where are her friends? They ought to be notified at once."

"I'm sure I don't know. She was just writing a letter, I think, when she was taken sick. Here it is on the desk."

I must say it looked like an odd thing to do, but then he was a physician, for he took it up and looked it slowly over, saying,

"It may give us some information, and we must not stand upon ceremony in a case like this."

He stood by the window as he read it, and he did not turn around for over a minute.

"There is no address here," he said; "but there is enough in this letter to show that she is suffering from some mental shock, and we can guide our treatment accordingly."

Then the two doctors went out for a consultation, and Fanny and I sat down by the bed. The sufferer seemed to be talking to somebody, and now and then we could understand what she said.

"It was all false! Oh, how cruel! It was a slander!"

And she kept repeating this with a sort of low, moaning voice.

Pretty soon Dr. Stryker came back again alone.

"We have concluded," said he, "that one of us had better stay here and watch the indications. I will remain until evening, and then Dr. Lowry will come. He is very kind, for I have some other cases that I must attend to."

I went home to look after supper, and when that was over Dr. Lowry bade us good-evening and returned to Deacon Senter's, telling me I might look in, if I wanted to, before I went to bed.

I was impatient to do so, but I did not want to intrude, and so I waited until about nine o'clock. Then I stole in as still as a ghost. The room was dimly lighted, and Fanny and the Doctor were conversing in whispers by the window.

"I don't think Dr. Stryker would fancy that," I thought, for to my eyes the young doctor was not half so good-looking as the old one. There was something confidential in what they were saying, for Fanny started suddenly as she saw me coming in, and the Doctor kept looking out of the window. Fanny said,

"Mrs. Loring has been quite delirious, but she seems to be better now. You must take a good long sleep to-night, for we may want you to watch to-morrow night."

This was hint enough, and I did not stay long; but it took me a long time to get to sleep after I got home. There was something so odd about the whole affair, and I was so sorry for poor Mrs. Loring.

The next day, however, Dr. Lowry informed me that the patient was much better; in fact, quite in her right mind, and he had resigned her to the care of Dr. Stryker. And so I found matters when I went over. Poor Mrs. Loring was dreadfully pale and weak, and the least noise seemed to disturb her painfully. She would not or could not talk, but lay there looking sadly about her whenever her eyes were unclosed.

There was a strange expression on Fanny's face, I thought, but then she had been up all night.

We sat there a good while together, but of course we had no chance for conversation. Nothing particular happened for several days, only that Mrs. Loring slowly got better, and talked of going home the moment she was strong enough, though she refused to send for any body or allow us to. Dr. Lowry seemed quite interested in the case, and one morning I saw him and Fanny walking up toward the house, through the shrubbery, in the most confidential manner in the world. They were so busy with each other that they did not see me, and I had time to draw back into the house. I did not mean to do any eavesdropping, but I heard him say, "God bless you, my dear! You will be my good angel!" and then I do believe he kissed her. He turned off toward his office then, and Fanny came running into the house. She looked a little flushed and excited, no wonder, and I could not help saying:

"Well, Fanny, and so it is all arranged between you and Dr. Lowry?"

"Of course it is," said she, with a queer little laugh; "we have made up our minds about it."

"But what will Dr. Stryker say?"

"Oh, I think he will be satisfied; and if he isn't we don't care."

"How cruel you are! But then Dr. Lowry is handsome if he *is* old," said I, a little pettishly.

"Oh, I've made him promise to shave off that great white beard of his, and cut his hair, the very first thing. You have no idea what a difference that will make," said Fanny.

And no more I had, for when Dr. Lowry came back, in an hour or so, I hardly knew him. His hair was cut in a good shape, his beard shaven close, and he wore no spectacles. He was a different looking man altogether, and almost looked young, but for the deep lines on his face.

Fanny was still with me, and she jumped up and ran to meet him. I declare she actually kissed him right before me, and she took his arm as she said:

"Come now, Alfred, we will go right over to the house." And then she insisted on my coming with them; though I hardly knew what for, I went.

I learned afterward that matters had been planned differently; but, as we came into the parlor, whom should we meet but Mrs. Loring, leaning on the arm of Dr. Stryker. It was the first time she had ventured so far since her attack, and she was very pale indeed. We came upon them quite suddenly, and Mrs. Loring gave a little scream.

"Oh, Alfred! Alfred!" and then she fainted clean away.

Dr. Stryker seemed wonderfully puzzled, and Fanny looked scared; but Dr. Lowry picked her up in his arms and carried her into her own room.

Perhaps we should have followed, but Fanny held us back.

"Not now—not now!" she said. "Leave them alone for a while."

"But, Fanny," said I, "what does it all mean? Does Mrs. Loring know Dr. Lowry?"

"It isn't Dr. Lowry at all—or rather, it *is* Dr. Alfred Lowry Loring, and she is his wife."

"His wife!" exclaimed we both.

"Yes; I found it out the night he and I watched with her, and I've been at work ever since to bring them together. He was a surgeon in the army, and in his absence they slandered her to him. He thought she had run away, when she was only hunting for him. So he came here under the name of Lowry, to get away from the sight of every one who had ever known him before. She did not know he was here until she saw the verses, and they made her jealous, and then she heard him sing. That was what put her into the fever."

"But she is so young, and he is old enough for her father."

"No he isn't; he was gray at twenty, and he told me he gave fifty dollars for that great beard. He is not more than ten years older than she is," said Fanny.

"You don't say! But Fanny, I thought—"

"Oh yes, I know what you thought, and *I* thought I would tease you nicely, you was so smart and sure about it."

"But how did you manage?"

"Oh! the letter she was writing when she was taken sick was for him, and explained a good many things. He was terribly to blame, but she forgave him at last; and if the meeting don't kill her it's all right."

And the meeting didn't kill her.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Wind to Please the Pigs—Sow-sow-west.

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" after they are set a-going.

Drink for Horse-Eaters—Hippo-cras.

Precocious Pupil. "Please, Miss Jones, what is the meaning of suburbs?"

Governess (*who is extensively crinolined*). "The outskirts of a place."

Pupil (*seizing Miss J. by the dress*). "Then, Miss Jones, are these your suburbs?"

The young lady who called at a book-store for "Drake on Attachments," was disappointed to find it a mere law-book.

An "old wharf-rat" would like to know if the city of New York would like to be judged by her *piers?* We should think not. If she wese she would remain a prisoner in the dock.

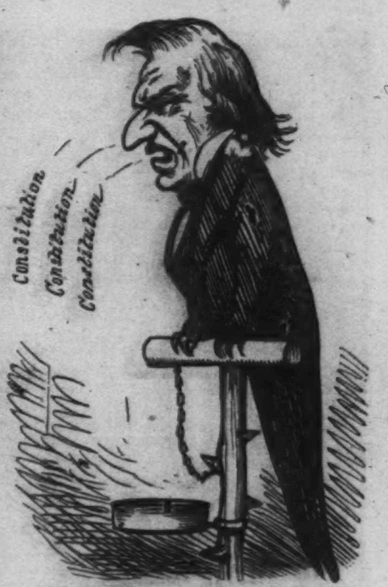
A chaplain in Arkansas says that a man buying furs was conversing with a woman at whose house he called, and asked if there were any Presbyterians around there. She hesitated for a moment, and said she guessed not, "her husband hadn't killed any since they lived there."

A Bad Debt—The owing of a grudge.

THE ANSWER.

You wrote that you wanted to wed,
And proved that you were not a man, Sir;
Only half of the letter I read,
And gave you "No" for an answer;
Why hide from the question you ask
Behind the fool's screen of a letter?
Why is facing a woman a task
If you wanted so truly to get her?

A woman is worthy her price,
At least while her chances are plenty,
And you know she has many a choice
Before she arrives at sweet twenty.
True lovers are tender to woo,
And 'tis seldom they fail in their wooing;
But a bachelor's shame be on you
To shrink from the deed you are doing!
If I was so dear in your sight
You should have come up like a man, Sir,
With a few honest words, and I might
Have given you a different answer.



The Paroquet of the Wh—e Ho—e.

"A pair of pretty eyes is the best mirror to shave by." Swincher says he has known many a man to be shaved by them. We have known many a man to be saved by them.

In a case of a little over three dollars' worth of mutilated currency the government recently deducted two cents for dilapidation! This, the sufferer says, is like squeezing a quarter till the eagle screams.

"Look here, Jim, there's a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me." "Why, not at all; there's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?"

A French wit says that the gibbet is a species of flattery to the human race. Three or four persons are hung from time to time for the purpose of making the rest believe that they are virtuous.

A certain colored deacon, on occasion of missionary collections, was wont to shut his eyes and sing, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," with such earnestness and unction that he would quite forget to see the plate as it came around. "Oh yes!" said the plate-bearer, "but just you give something to make it fly."

A certain cockney, overcome by his sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse. "What shall we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his. "Let him alone," said a waggish by-stander, "he'll soon re-wive."

A man, on being told by a generous farmer that he would give him a barrel of cider, asked him if he would bring it to his house. "Certainly," replied the farmer, "with pleasure." "Well," said the grateful recipient, "what will you pay me for the barrel when the cider is gone?"

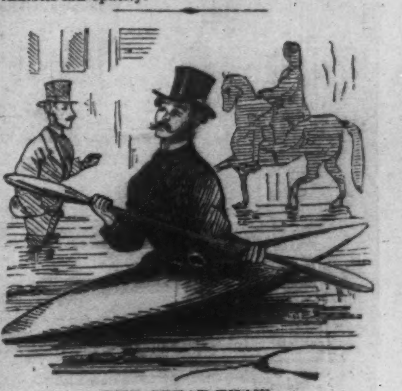
A Dutchman and his wife were traveling; they sat down by the road, exceedingly fatigued. The wife sighed, "I wish I was in heaven!" The husband replied, "I wish I was at the tavern!" "Oh, you rogue," says she, "you always want to get to the best place."

"If horse-flesh won't suffice to feed the masses,
The next resource will certainly be asses;
And Heaven only knows where that will end!
Some people won't have left a single friend."

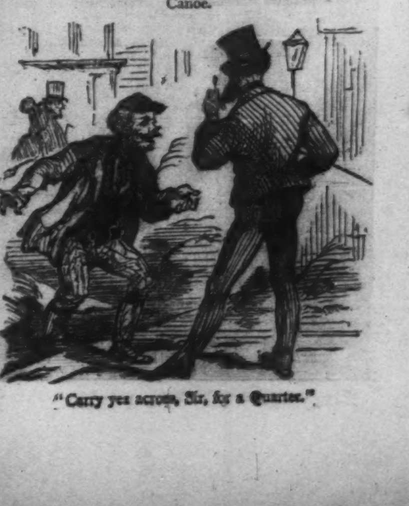
"You say, Mrs. Smith, that you have lived with the defendant for eight years. Does the court understand you that you were married to him?" "In course it does!" "Haven't you a certificate?" "Yes, your Honor, three of 'em—two gals and a boy!"

A gentleman at a musical party asked a friend, in a whisper, "How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

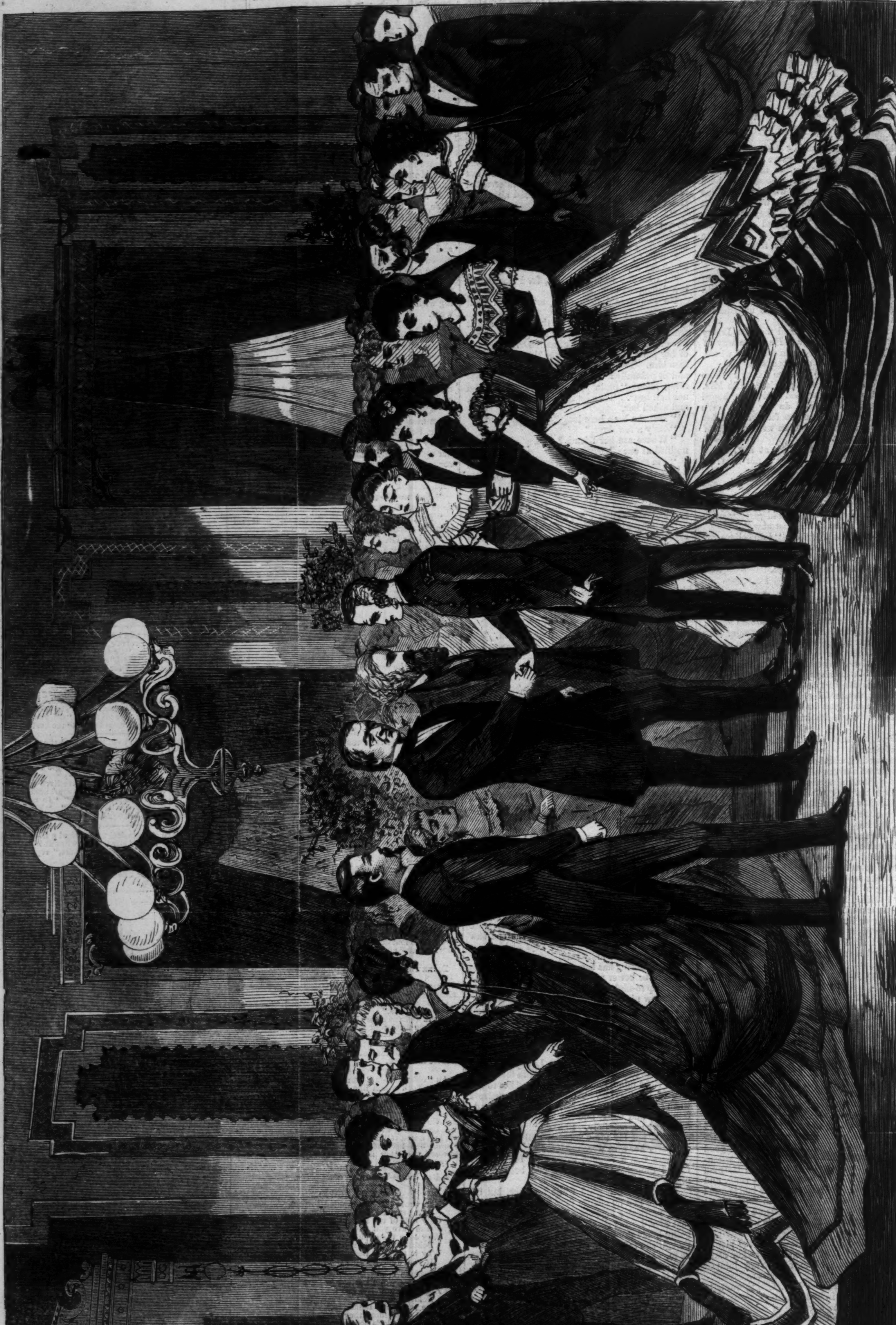
Why is an ink-blot like a stupid child?—Because it exhibits ink-opacity.



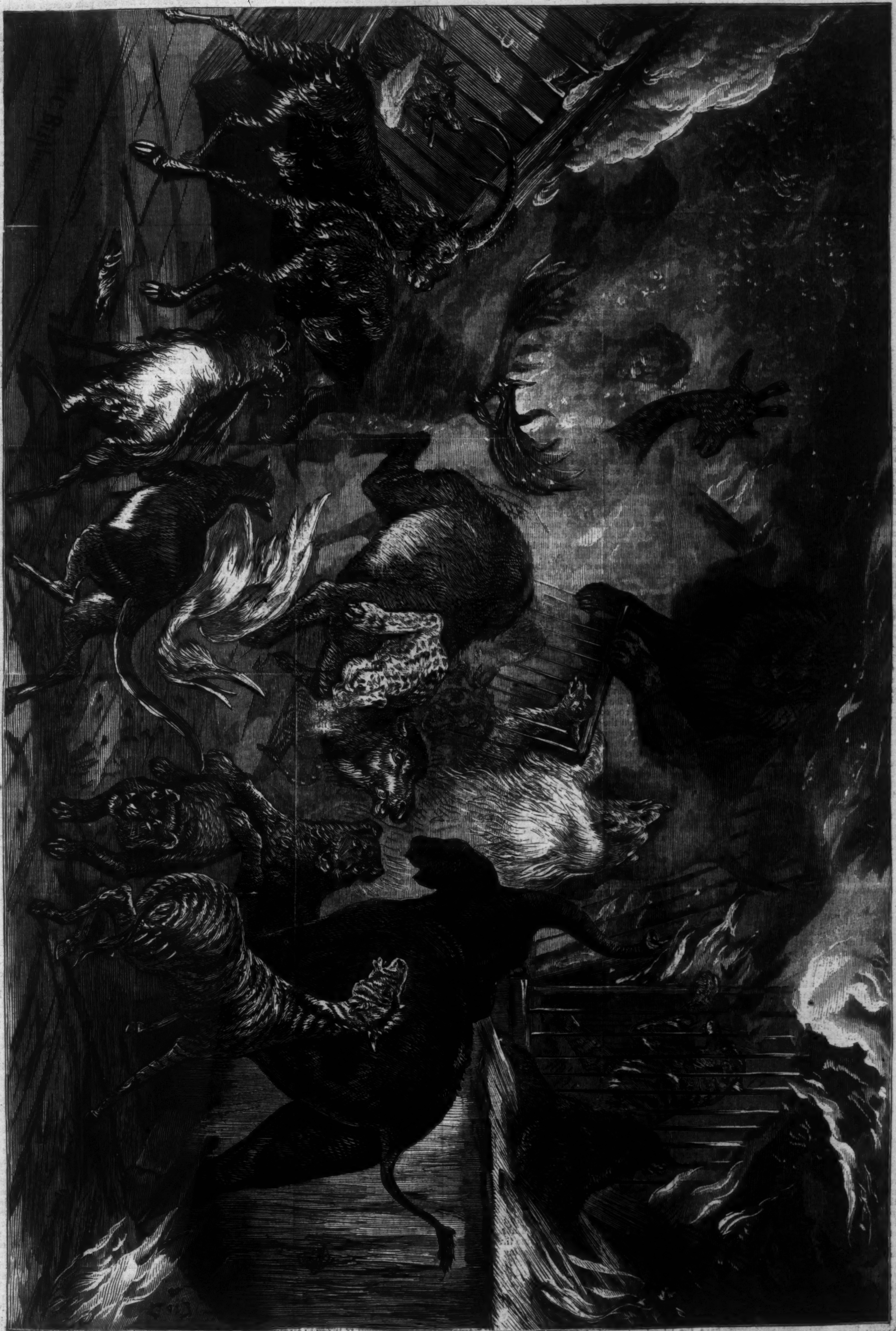
THE GREAT THAW.
Prudent Citizen paddles himself down town in his own Canoe.



"Carry yes across, Sir, for a Quarter."



PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S LAST LEVEE AT THE WHITE HOUSE, March 2.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 179.]



BURNING OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM—THE ANIMALS DURING THE FIRE.—[SEE PAGE 188.]

WHAT IS GENIUS?

> Talent, lying in the understanding, is often inherited; genius, being the union of reason and imagination, rarely or never.—COLERIDGE.

WHAT is Genius? 'Tis a gem
In a favored few enshrined;
By its brightness, showing them
Things beyond the common mind.

'Tis a planet, grand, but strange,
With a motion unexplained,
And an elevated range,
Only by itself attained.

'Tis a clear, perceptive tact,
With a power which patience earns,
To elaborate into act
What the intellect discerns.

'Tis a flash that comes unsought;
Vivid, self-revealed, intense;
'Tis the ethereal glance of thought—
A divine intelligence.

'Tis an intellectual dower,
Which the mind for years may hold,
Ere the genial quickening hour
Bid its energies unfold.

But, while all the gift admire,
To the breast wherein it glows,
'Tis a fierce volcanic fire,
That allows of rare repose.

Feelings keenly sensitive,
Oft to very anguish stung,
Still a sad distinction give
To the soul by Genius strung.

KITTY'S HEART.

SAY what you will of human independence, we are all to a great extent flies in the cobweb of circumstance. Names and places have a large influence over character and destinies. Perhaps, if I had been brought up by the pious Pagan parents of Hafiz, or scratched my grammar exercises on the same wax tablets with Saadi and Ferdousi, a rose would have smelled as sweet to me as it does now; but as I am and have been how can I be expected even to associate any fragrance with a "Gul?" The fact that I am a Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers has always been to me a solace and a strength. That last volume of poems, in its eleventh thousand and every young lady's boudoir, sweetly pretty as it is, would never have been struggled up to through long days of labor and nights devoid of ease but for the thought that if Allibone ever got me at all, I should appear as a native of the Western World's metropolis. It was the pride of being a New Yorker which carried me through youth's severest episode without imparting more than a gentle tone of melancholy to my future life and lyre. I can hope, but not be sure, that with the weight of a nativity in Potsdam I might have failed to be left a Blighted Being; in Painted Post or Pen Yan I should certainly never have risen superior to mortification and Mary Jane.

I am never introduced to a person named Gunn, Spiffles, Snodgrass, or the like without a devout cheerfulness (out of pity for the unfortunate wholly repressed, I trust, in my outward manner) at the thought that I am Lionel Clifton. A good and graceful, but not grandiloquent name; a piece of property like that which Agur prayed for, equally removed from poverty and riches; its possessor is in no danger of "getting full" and "denying" his Maker, like highfalutin St. Elmo, nor "stealing," as I should think a man named "Muggins" would be likely to do, wherever he found a Classical Dictionary. Oh, what is to be thought of the man who calls his son Jehoiakim or Epaminondas? How terrible in after-years must be the retribution of her who looks back to the day when she tagged on to the unconscious, unresisting babe that smiled on her maternal breast the inseparable label of a Semantha Roumelia—a Pecunia Financia—or a Betsy Ann! Wretched parents! Hapless children! For the blameless victims I have often indulged so deep, so tender a compassion that there was nothing I would not have done for them save to change places with them, and go staggering through life under a George Washington which the wildest agonies of patriotism could never illustrate by my own example, even as a Father of New Jersey; or sink the frenzied struggles of my blighted genius in an early tomb, perishing with all my unrealized poems and sculptures in me, after a few delirious years of effort to rise to glory with the name of M'Cracken Vanderboggs.

Standing in the secure serenity of Lionel Clifton, and casting grateful wreaths upon my ancestral graves, I have mused out a Plan of Salvation for these hapless ones, and here I throw out the hint; there may be some to heed it: our Legislature is in session, so is our Constitutional Convention—the twenty years which will assemble another one not having quite elapsed. Perhaps I am not arrogant in hoping that the latter dignified body may take hold of it—even incorporate it in their second article, when that is reached in regular order. It is this: Let every new-born babe be named *provisionally!* Call the irresponsive, irresponsible nursling any thing *pro tem.* Be it enacted that till his first pantaloons with pockets—nay, even till a jury of twelve of his female fellow-citizens pronounce a verdict establishing his mustache (in detail the matter may be left as extensible as suffrage), the boy be relegated to the entitular mercy of his parents and guardians, coming and going as they list to the call of Jack, Jehoshaphat, or Michael Angelo; but after that be Lemprière and the back part of Webster all before him where to choose; and let the harmless, necessary girl, whenever she occurs, under equivalent conditions, have the power to decide by what prænomen she shall be wafted down to posterity.

I have said I am a poet—but what poet could ever have existed in New Pugham? It is one of the smallest and newest of small new manufacturing villages. Here dwelt my Kitty—*the* Kitty of whose heart is my story. In New Pugham she was fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky, but a violet under a mossy stone my Kitty could not be in New Pugham—a place where they had no mossy stones, or where if any of the new selectmen of that new village had by searching found one out he would straightway at the expense of the corporation have had it scraped, scrubbed, and whitewashed. Pugham, "situated," says the newest of the new geographies, "on the east bank of that romantic Indian stream the Lumbago River," gets all the water-power out of that river that Nature put there—and hangs the romance. Pugham cares as little for the Indian—except the kind which goes to the recipe for making Boston brown bread—and of that a sufficient grist is ground the whole year long by the two rival flouring mills of Jinks and Dummitt. Between these, towering above them to ten stories, with a great stupid granite face full of expressionless windows, M'Cubb's cotton-factory stands holding them apart, as it were, by the scruff of their eaves, like a phlegmatic big policeman keeping two jerky, hoppy boys from pitching into each other. Above Dummit, whom Jinks can never forgive for being newer than he is, and having got several rods nearer the dam than he foresaw any need of building, stretches an irregular quadrangle of print works, whose waste water in a dirty blur along the once innocent Lumbago looks like the blood of all the calicoes which are forever being sacrificed on city counters returning on the head of the guilty stream which haled them to the altar.

These are the works of Grubble & Potts, who might well have gone into partnership if only to keep each other in countenance, so sternly are they regarded, both by Dummitt and Jinks, as the only subject on which they both agree—a subject suspected, whether rightly or wrongfully, of imparting premature gingerbread hues to their flour through the waste aforesaid; by M'Cubb, for anticipating the conversion of his unbleached in the same way, and by all but one of the Lumbago magnates for being still newer and nearer the dam than they. That one is the superlatively new and near Crabb, who, with a soul undeniably not above buttons, but eighteen moons ere my Kitty beamed upon me, established himself in the manufacture of those useful and remunerative disks as near the dam as any one could get without becoming a maker of watered silks and sitting down on it. Being newest he is mentioned last, as in Latin the rear is always "novissimum agmen." Squatting there in that flaring brick box, red as the flat which, with verdigris door and gamboge knocker, stands eternal symbol for the despotic guardian's house in all the minor theatres, making, as he squats, some ten thousand per annum more than if he stood up straight to ten stories like M'Cubb, he is the focus of commercial rancor for all the positive and comparative degrees of newness further down the water-privilege. To be sure there is something expansive in the mere facts of making ten thousand per annum more than other people, of being nearer the dam, and newer in New Pugham (the world regarding those good things to be); but to do Crabb justice, let me hasten my testimony that they were not sufficient to account for the entire lack of reciprocity with which he met his neighbors' bile. Whatever position he had occupied with relation to the dam (and, metaphorically speaking, he had known what it was to go quite over it during the crisis of '57), he would have been just the same good-natured, mellow-hearted old fellow, forever minding his own business, never ashamed to be on a level with it, even were it only buttons; easy going, but weightily going too, like the City Hall clock or the *Great Eastern*. I'm not even sure that he knew how Jinks had to gulp his conscience like a hasty brandy-ball when he prayed in the next pew on Sunday mornings about envy, hatred, malice, and the cognate commercial virtues; that M'Cubb, like the man in Æsop, would gladly have had Jupiter punch the few dozen superfluous lights out of his own two top stories to see his squat little factory knocked out of time by the destruction of an equal number; or that he was the object of an evil eye to any person in New Pugham whomsoever. It is not an age of the world in which we kick every body we dislike—and in New Pugham relations must indeed become terribly embittered before we go even to the heroic length of manfully not asking each other to tea. The only way of resenting an impudent fellow's squatting close by the dam and swooping into his newest of new nets that odd ten thousand per annum was one on which I rejoice to feel we New Pughamites had a patent—the original and peculiar way of making faces behind his back, which with Mr. Crabb's eccentric habit of always keeping his back behind him, and his business, buttons and all, straight in front, tended to preserve his sleep untroubled by any suspicions of neighborly ill-will.

I have already betrayed myself as at least a whilom New Pughamite by my employment of the first person plural. My acquisition of a right to *we* it in New Pugham came about after the following fashion: I had become tired of doing all the hard work of a city evening journal for fifteen dollars a week under pretense, on the proprietor's part, that my training and my connection with such an influential sheet were worth an annual bagatelle of some odd thousands more. Unexpectedly, about the same time, a maternal relative had got tired of his own earthly speculation and ceased to issue the *Weekly Uncle's Life*, leaving me sole heir to assets summing about twenty-five hundred dollars in cash. Concluding, after mature reflection, that I would not buy the *Sun*, I cast around for some other paying investment, and discovered that a new newspaper was the newest want of that newest of new towns, New Pugham. It struck me instantly that if any where on earth independent journalism was possible, there that passionate idea of my youth might be realized. Upon consultation with the editor (who sold out only on account of his doctor's ascribing to the newspaper business a certain periodical goneness which he experienced in his chest) I became convinced that the New Pugham *Planet* might have been moved to San Juan Fernandez, Memphis *Avalanche* fashion, and been edited by Robinson Crusoe, prior to the arrival of Friday, without overstraining his constitution or compelling him to neglect his goats.

I asked to see the editor's foreman. In a sepulchral voice which showed how well taken was the advice to sell out in time, Mr. Lobman said, "He stands before you." Furthermore, he proved to be night and day compositors and general job journeymen, concluding his exhibition of the *Planet* pay-roll with the frank avowal that he, too, was the devil himself. I told him I thought he must be—but bought him out; and after going to the reckless extravagance, excusable only in newness and enthusiasm, of appointing a small boy to the presidency of the paste-pot, and a brother three sizes larger to the revolutionary bureau of the press-crank on publication-days, at a total salary of fourteen shillings per week, I entered upon the light and entertaining work for which I had palpitated through a lifetime. By reading up all my predecessor's files I got as nearly as I could to an intelligence of the stripe which he had advocated for the largest number of weeks at a time, and immediately changed our politics to a diametrically opposite one, issuing a prospectus in red ink which promised the citizens of New Pugham that I should appear twice as often as had ever previously been attempted, to say nothing binding about a series of regular extras which would be constantly coming out when they least expected them. To show my devotion to the manufacturing interests I adopted as my motto "Lumbago aut Nihil"—most happy thought! by the majority of my new fellow-citizens received as a highly complimentary parallelism between their sacred river and that of the Egyptians. Last, with my already mentioned conviction of the importance of calling names, I changed ours from Pugham *Planet* to *Monday Morning Manufacturing Meteor*. Then, thanks to an early apprenticeship in a San Francisco composing-room, I cheerfully rolled up my sleeves and put my thunderers in type. Ink would fail me to tell of the sensation with which my first issue shook the banks of the Lumbago. Three hundred papers were sold in the first ten hours. By noon of the next day the pressure for another edition became so great that I was compelled to discharge my Revolutionary-sized boy and hire him over again at a two shillings raise of wages, he having taken advantage of my prosperity to become a necessity of existence, and threatening to run away and carry his brother with him. Before the week was over I had in my back-yard enough cord-wood, representative of new subscribers, to have stoked three Pacific railroad locomotives from here to Washoe and back again. When the edge of the furor was sufficiently taken off to leave me alone with my first quiet cigar in the inside office I counted thirty-five dollars net cash, and patted myself on the back in congratulation over an unequivocal success. It is much easier to become a popular favorite than to keep one, especially in this country, where a man is belauded to death before he gets his position, and forever after sits in a pillory for the mob to pelt at. I have often wished that we might adopt a custom from the Mpongwe tribe—a set of unreconstructed Africans, whom Du Chaillu describes as doing all their kicking and mud-flinging upon a new king before he is crowned, and treating him with immense respect for the rest of his period.

Still we can not alter existing institutions, and I cast about me for means to sustain that immense enthusiasm with which I had inaugurated the *Meteor*.

To be new was the great thing in New Pugham. I had already introduced several revolutionary changes which entitled me to consideration, and their success having been abundant, I came to the conclusion that it was essential in my career that nobody should ever know what I was going to do next. My hotel and my washer-woman were the only elements in that career which I preserved as constants, and those only because a change might indicate that I was unable to pay my bills. Especially did I repair on successive Sundays to different churches, so that the singular spectacle might be seen upon one Monday morning of the new favorite being approached to join an association for the relief of the poor, in charge of the Episcopal organization; on the next, to become a trustee of the Second Seceding Anabaptists; and on the third, to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the Independent Sandemanians. On the plea of that extreme modesty common to all editors, I refused elevation in all directions. *Nolui Episcopari.* I kept to myself the inestimable privilege of traveling about every where, and leaving the various societies (so far as they thought of my humble self at all) in a perpetual titter as to where I should finally anchor.

At last, however, I was nailed before I knew it. I had always possessed a great taste for music, and the music was better at the Second Seceding Anabaptists than it was any where else in New Pugham. I had sat in the pews of that denomination but two Sundays, a month apart, when I became sufficiently fascinated to break my rule. I went to the S. S. A. two Sundays in succession. There was a lovely contralto voice in their choir. Since my early experience with Mary Jane (it has been pain enough to refer to it already) I had abjured the society of that which in irony is sometimes called the gentler sex. Nevertheless, I always love that sweetest thing in a woman, a low, soft voice, and would never, if I could, have freed myself from its attraction. In the choir of the S. S. A. there existed one of the best uncultivated contralto voices I ever heard. I own that I myself love to join in the worship of the sanctuary—think that singing is a large part of it—am not satisfied at having it done for me by the very best quartette of operatic performers—and have a tolerably good baritone of my own. Accordingly, when the first deacon, into whose pew I had got by chance, had heard me join in the hymns, and on the Monday after my second attendance asked me if I would not enter the S. S. A. choir, I weakly yielded. From that moment liberty of locomotion was denied me. Naturally in a choir the baritone stands next to the contralto, and reading, when "Solemn Psalmodists" were short, off the same music-book with Miss Kitty Crabb, I got nailed. Nailed—naturally nailed.

My paper fell off a little, but not discouragingly, when the New Pughamites discovered that I was a Seceding Anabaptist, though they discovered wrong; for I was not that, but a Kitty Crabb-ist if I was any thing. The next week, however, I restored my circulation by altering the local complexion of the *Meteor* to Second Dam-ite, coming over from the vigorous opposition of the Monday before to advocate, as one of the most brilliant and beneficent enterprises of an enlightened century, an additional improvement of the Lumbago water-power by a structure across Flepinaguilder Falls, two miles below New Pugham, in whose erection numerous citizens, including Mr. Crabb, were largely interested.

During the entire winter Sunday and our meetings for choir practice necessarily brought me into contact with Miss Kitty Crabb as often, on the average, as thrice a week. For the first two months our intercourse was limited to flats and sharps, almost as strictly as if we had been reading alternate paragraphs aloud out of the elementary treatise, to which, in common with all ecclesiastical tune-books, the "Solemn Psalmodist" devoted its first forty or fifty pages. This reticence arose not merely from my own past experience of Miss Crabb's sisterhood, but from a degree of modesty on her part surpassing any thing it has ever been my fortune to observe in a young lady—modesty which, in a girl not yet out of long dresses, angular, or lacking in any womanly grace of figure, face, and spirit, would have been bashfulness of the most painful kind. Only when she sang did every trace of restraint vanish from her manner. With the first note of her glorious contralto she seemed lifted like a lark upon his free, unconscious wings into the serene glad atmosphere which was his birth-right. Melody poured from her throat without an effort; she gave no more token of feeling an admiring, a critical, or even a listening presence, than if she had been the bird she seemed, palpitating with "some embodied joy whose race was just begun" all alone between the sun and a cloud island. The instant her music ceased and she dropped down into the coarser world again she was another being. If her eye caught another's, and saw in it the involuntary admiration won by her lovely flight—if her ear heard even a whisper of praise, her lashes drooped at once; her cheeks were suffused as with the inner flush of some delicate sea-shell, and she bent over her music-book as if she would fain shrink out of notice behind some corpulent clef, or lose herself from human sight in a wilderness of quavers.

On such occasions both the experience of a misogynist and the sympathy of a gentleman kept me quite silent and undemonstrative. Often I would not increase her embarrassment by even so much as a glance at her, and I never uttered a syllable to set her fluttering at my appreciation of her delicious gift; but when my eyes did stray from the music and the little, trembling, rosy fingers which helped my own hand hold the book, I was fain to make a silent confidant of my own bosom, and confess that of all lovely little creatures to whom nomenclature had been most criminally abusive, that little Crabb was the very loveliest. Her complexion was that spotless, translucent olive over which the shelly suffusion I have mentioned throws its tenderest dawn; her eyes were black to the world, at whose bold stare she veiled them too quickly for the sweet, deep violet truth of them to be fathomed; but sitting close beside her, as I did, I learned their actual color, and their incomparable, liquid tenderness, before I had advanced into her acquaintance beyond the outposts of the Solemn Psalmodist. Her beautifully-shaped and finely-poised head was adorned with a clustering wealth of raven curls, through which her little, delicate, pink ears and her lovely white neck scarce disclosed themselves in furtive gleams of coral and alabaster. When Mr. Crabb came one night to fetch her home from choir meeting, I heard him say, as he passed his great, broad palm over that precious head, "All through, my little Astracan?" But the Shah might have hunted in vain through the uttermost corners of Persia before he could have found a lamb to match against the glossy, silky, jetty spirals which made Mr. Crabb so justly proud. When I say that Kitty's features were such a satisfying harmony of pleasant, delicate lines that the sight of them might gladden the most critical eyes for months before one ever dreamed of questioning whether they were quite classically regular; that, although her retiring manner gave the impression of a little woman, she was slightly above her sex's middle height; and that life had just opened for her into the perfect blossom of five-and-twenty—I have given you the benefit of many months' observation, and a description to which nobody who at this time knew her in New Pugham would have been adequate, though she had revealed enough of herself to secure that town's unanimous male verdict, in the general statement that she was by far its prettiest girl.

I may damage my credibility by asserting that, in spite of all which has gone before, Kitty Crabb occupied the position of a girl without beaux. Not only without *a* beau—which would indicate a mere absence of monopoly and prospective marital appropriation—but without the plural—without that miscellaneous attendance of retainers which denotes rivalry, obsequious service, and admiration. She was no queen of sleigh-rides; no goddess of picnics; no aim of magnificent country tailoring; no source of expense in kid gloves a couple of sizes too small; of throbbing hearts a number of sizes too large for their unfortunate wearers. She was not the girl for whom Fubsy, the newest of the New Pugham stationers, was compelled to keep up to the mark in the newest thing by way of valentines, and send twice in February to New York for a fresh supply. For her no swain pined in the Spartan seclusion of tight boots; she got no anonymous bouquets; the moon was bothered with no subpœnas to testify against her cruelty on the side of any youthful New Pughamite in a case of unreturned fire. The Argand-lamp that cheered Mr. Crabb's hospitable parlor never needed extra filling in the morning by reason of any impassioned young man holding vigil with it and Kitty, in a distraught frame of mind and his best clothes. No, literally as a Scotchman, I asseverate that Kitty had no beaux.

The reason may seem as incredible as the assertion meant to be explained by it. All the young men in New Pugham were afraid of Kitty Crabb. She might have been as pretty as she was, and still some youth not have feared his fate too much, or had deserts too small, to dare and put it to the touch to win or lose it all. Her beauty was the farthest possible from that Junonesque kind which I know often does deter men from wooing it, like a statue, and keeps its possessor a maid to the end of her days. Her bashfulness was, indeed, an obstacle to any attainment of intimacy through the free-and-easy approaches in which the "Killing Fellow" of a small manufacturing town finds his strategy most formidable; the bravest of that class turned away discouraged from the mysterious front of her modest masked battery, owning that they could make nothing out of her. But more impregnable than any defenses of beauty or reserve was the reputation which, every month since the Lumbago began turning the crank of the button-factory, wove itself into a more impenetrable stockade around her—the reputation of "knowing a tremendous lot." Yes, Kitty Crabb—little, shrinking, blushing, timorous Kitty—had the name of being a literary woman. She felt herself above them all, the New Pughamites said. She was too splendidly educated to associate with common folk. She not only had all the classical composers at her fingers' ends and on those ruby lips of hers—but she read and spoke, Mezzofanti only knew how many languages, and young Fubsy told me, with an expression such as one would expect from the fellow-townsman of the Bearded Woman or a neighbor to the farm where originated the calf with two heads, that she wrote Greek. Moreover, she was constantly supposed to be preparing a novel for immediate publication, and when Rutledge or Adam Bede came out anonymously there were a dozen people in New Pugham ready to convict her of the authorship on circumstantial evidence which would have hung her if the offense had been piracy.

No wonder, then, that Kitty had no beaux! The boldest youth, in the habit of airing odd scraps of French as part of his artillery of female fascination, would have turned pale to the line of his pomatum at the thought that behind that blushing little face lurked a brain which was laughing at his wrong emphasis and provincial accent. Who, too, that had sprawled himself by the furlong in rhythmical nothings over every other young lady's album in New Pugham could have felt other than an icy perspiration bedewing every square foot of his own surface at the merely imagined hardihood of subjecting to a literary woman's knife the kind of stanza which lay in sweetly-pretty languor palpitating on the altars of so many an Arabella Ann? So the young men of New Pugham stood afar off and wondered—or only visited Kitty in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Crabb—retreating precipitately if papa and mamma showed signs of retiring for the night after nuts and cider, as you or I would if a pair of elderly and influential Van Amburghs talked of going to bed and leaving us to sit up with a first-class animal of the royal Bengal persuasion.

Perhaps because ignorance is always fearless and I did not know my danger, I was not *afraid* of Kitty Crabb from the beginning. In ladies' society nowadays I was almost as retiring as Kitty herself—painfully bashful, even—but knew no terror on the New Pughamite grounds. To an editor whose business it had been for years to receive and give audience to all the poetesses who wanted reviewing, or room for their last little piece of fifty stanzas in a New York evening paper, the Literary Woman had necessarily, to a large extent, been robbed of her terrors; for his resigned and fortified spirit the Female Novelist had no sting, the Lady Lecturer no victory. I accordingly permitted myself, after repeated interviews with all the Crabbs in a musical and Second Seceding Anabaptist capacity, to become a visitor at their house. Still further, I was about to add that at the same time I permitted myself to fall over head and ears in love with Kitty Crabb herself, and refrain only because that statement would misrepresent the fact. After my experience with Mary Jane, so frenzied a state of mind must have occurred not only without my permission, but even without my knowledge; and, instead of falling in love, I entered that maelstrom by such subtly-unconscious gyrations that I found myself in the hopeless vortex before I could sell out of New Pugham for my life, and swim on the last plank of my dismantled *Monday Meteor* to the serene though solitary shore of a confirmed celibacy.

I must do myself the justice to say that when I discovered my plight I fought to remedy it bravely. I was determined that never again should any woman give me the mortification of a refusal, and resolved that, even though I might love Kitty Crabb to the limits of heart-break, I would never betray that fact until I knew that she loved me. To arrive at such knowledge daily seemed more impossible. Of late days Kitty had become more reticent than ever, returning from the degree of freedom with which we talked of our agreeing, likes and dislikes, to the flats and sharps which had bounded our intimacy during my first few months in New Pugham. Her bearing had sometimes such an extra chill of distance in it, that I questioned whether I was not absolutely repellent to her, and pitched into my professional work on the *Meteor*, after the manner of men, with a single-mindedness intended to hide from myself the pain I must have derived from such a conclusion. I had plenty to do, if merely in the matter of reading the communications. All parts of the county addressed me upon various subjects, from lumber to lyrics, and had I enjoyed the income of the *Tribune* it would have paid me to employ a special assistant to edit my "Letters from the People." When I read in the *Nation* disquisitions upon the possibility of a genuine American poet, I wish that I could show the writer of those essays certain MSS. which I am sure that the effete feudal countries have never paralleled. On the last Thursday in June an avalanche of such seemed to come upon me. Most of them I cast into my Balaam-basket (with a note to answer their senders kindly); but there was one which I kept for future reading, half because its first few lines arrested me, and half because its handwriting was more delicately, grammatically legible than the rest. This was entitled "The Panting Hart."

I had scarcely time to examine whether this production was a paraphrase of the psalm in which the hart pants after the water brooks, or an imitation of the White Doe of Rylestone, when I was met in the street by Mr. Crabb, who invited my attendance at his house. There was to be a little company there that evening, and the ladies would be pleased to see me.

Mr. Crabb's house was always a pleasant one to go to—at least for any man who had not in it an element of uncertainty concerning his whole future life, and I was not surprised to find, when I arrived there, a sufficiently large party to make me glad that I had interpreted his informal invitation *de rigueur*, and bought a pair of white kid gloves.

After receiving the last-comer at the head of the parlors, Mrs. Crabb took an early opportunity to draw me aside into a small room at the side of the hall (in deference to a Family Bible and "Pollock's Course of Time" lying on the centre-table called "the library"), where Mr. Crabb presently joined us.

"Perhaps you've noticed," Mrs. Crabb began, "how abstracted Kitty looks to-night?"

"She certainly looks the prettiest young lady in the room," I answered.

"Well, well," said Mr. Crabb, rubbing his hands with only partially-concealed pleasure, "we've always taught her looks was nothing—behavior was all. And we've tried to give her (what there wasn't in our day) a good education."

"I think," resumed Mrs. Crabb, "that she's deeply interested in a subject she never talks about. Mr. Clifton, in a sense, the destiny of that child is in your hands!"

"Bless my soul!" said I, deeply affected, "do you think so? This is, indeed, a solemn responsibility!"

I was about to add that I would do my best to prove adequate to it, when, in a garnet silk and a wreath of natural lilies of the valley, Kitty made her perfectly lovely apparition at the door.

Mrs. Crabb laughed airily, to make-believe that she had been talking of nothing in particular, and whispered, "Speak to her yourself!" Both she and Mr. Crabb wrung my hand warmly in the folds of her moire antique, and excusing themselves, retired hastily.

When I found myself alone in the library with Kitty I asked her if the warmth was not rather oppressive, and what she thought of a little breath of fresh air under the front maples. Her exquisite color came in an instant; but she tucked a garnet fold under her dimpled elbow, and with her little pink fingers trembling on my coat-sleeve, went out with me under the starlight, where I could spare her blushes and speak plainly.

"Kitty," said I, pausing at the gate to take her hand in mine, "I have to-night learned for the first time that I might openly say to you all that was in my mind."

"Yes," murmured Kitty, with drooping head; "Mamma told me that you might soon speak to me—to-night, perhaps; she was my first confidante; but it was long before I dared hope."

"And oh tell me—tell me, Kitty—dare *I* hope! Am I—am I really so happy, then?"

"*Does* it make you happy? Oh, how glad I am! Oh, Mr. Clifton, have you read my Hart?"

"*Read* it? Through and through, sweetest one! It has been my passionate study since first I dreamed it might be mine. And *is* it—oh, is it mine?"

"Yours? You know it's yours—freely yours; do you accept it? Is there any tenderness, any poetic fire in it? Oh, is there, Mr. Clifton?"

"All fire! All tenderness! Accept it? With what rapture! How have I deserved this happiness? How shall I be worthy of it?"

"I never thought of giving it to any body but you. And to think you take it *so* kindly, with all its imperfections!"

"Darling!" I murmured, too overcome for further words, and drawing her close to my bosom.

"What!" exclaimed I, as with a timid little cry she half shrunk away from me. "What! Has this bliss been a dream? Do you not *love* me?"

"I meant," whispered Kitty, hiding her face in my lapel, "I meant—the—little poem I sent to you to have published—I meant—to be—an authoress. I—did not—suppose any body could love—*me*."

But she did not take away her face again.

I published the "Panting Hart," and a very pretty poem it was too, but not half so pretty as a much shorter one in another column of the *Meteor*, relating in a single stanza how the Editor was married to Miss Kitty Crabb, and turned a very ugly name into that of Mrs. Clifton.

WHAT IS STEEL?

MANY people may deem the question easy of answer, but it is really not so. It was long accepted as a truism in the art or science of metallurgy that steel is simply a carbide of iron, that is, a compound of carbon and iron, the former element being present in the compound to the extent of from one to one and a half per cent. This chemical definition is now quite superseded. Steel has become a generic term, and of the genus steel there are various species. Ordinary steel is carbon steel; but steely compounds of iron have been produced which have the same general properties as ordinary steel, the carbon of which is replaced, either in whole or in part, by other chemical elements. Thus, we now have tungsten steel, in which the metal tungsten is combined with the iron; manganese steel containing the metal manganese; and other steels containing chromium and titanium. In the cases just mentioned the steel is invariably a compound of iron with another metal; it is, in short, an alloy. Other species or varieties, however, contain non-metallic bodies as the steel-generating materials. Carbon is one of these elements; and, therefore, it is but natural to suppose that such elements as closely resemble it in their chemical properties will be the most likely to serve in its stead. Silicon, or, as some modern chemists call it, silicium, the basis of silica or flint, is one of the nearest chemical relatives of carbon. The French chemist, Caron, has made silicon steel. Then there is the element boron, full cousin, as it were, to carbon and silicon, the basis of ordinary borax. Steel has recently been made in Glasgow of most extraordinary hardness and cutting power, when used for tools in turning operations. In one instance, the tool did thirteen times the amount of cutting work of an ordinary tool of carbon steel. The process of making this new steel is at present kept secret; but there is reason to believe that it is boron steel. Other varieties of steel besides exist. The material of which the celebrated Berlin castings are made is phosphorus steel, and many Swedish cannons are made of sulphur steel.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SPRING this year came with snow, and frost, and biting cold; the Ice King with frozen breath and piercing gales lingered, reluctant to resign his rigorous sway; Nature put on fresh, cheerless robes of white, and the keen northwest wind whistled through the streets, when we were fondly expecting the "smiling verdure," the "grateful warmth," and "gentle breezes," which are supposed—is it only by "*poetic license?*"—to be the harbingers of spring-time. One may well feel a fresh inspiration to write a stinging parody on

"Come, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness* come!"

and declare, with new emphasis,

"There's no such season!"

when March brings days more severe than winter gave us, with heavy drifting snow-storms, ice-blockades, frozen hydrants, and a second edition of all the discomforts of an uncommonly frigid winter. We were the more impatient under the infliction because there have been so many cold snaps, and we have fancied every one would be the *last*. Somebody reckoned that we had been blessed with *thirty* snow-storms before winter—*nominally*—ended. March opened very prosperously with two or three more—to be accurate in the counting—and doubtless there are others in store.

In the midst of this fearfully "cold snap," at midnight of March 2, when Broadway was blockaded by snow, when hydrants were frozen, and the howling blasts swept through the silent streets, occurred the terrible conflagration of Barnum's Museum, with the greater part of its numerous and world-renowned curiosities. While no human life was lost, many valuable animals met a terrible death. The helpless terror of some of the mighty brutes, as when first smelling the fire, they roared in fury, and then shrunk back into the corners of their cages, cowering and shuddering, with smothered howls and groans, was fearful. The great Asiatic lion is said to have broken two iron bars of his cage, and thrust his head through the opening just before the flames closed round him. A Bengal tiger burst his bars and sprang into the street. He was badly burned, and was soon put out of suffering by the pistol of a policeman. Toward night of the day succeeding the fire a black bear made his appearance at a second-story window, and signaled his distress. A fireman mounted a ladder, and attempted to cast a noose over the animal's head to guide him to a place of safety. But he resisted all friendly attempts, and presently disappeared among the ruins. Early the next morning, however, Bruin came out from some temporary den he had found amidst the débris, and sauntered along Broadway as if to seek more comfortable quarters. Finding himself the object of some interest, and thinking it would not pay to exhibit himself for nothing, he turned into sundry side-streets for greater privacy. But being still pursued he dashed into a provision store, where, like other offenders, he was arrested and taken to the station-house. A giraffe of great size and beauty, valued at over twenty thousand dollars, was, with infinite difficulty, rescued from the building, only to die a day or two afterward from his injuries. A young elephant, who suffered seriously, though more from the cold than the heat, will probably recover. Quite a number of animals and birds were saved, but those burned were among the most rare and costly of the collection. The fire is supposed to have originated in a defective flue.

It is in contemplation to erect a bridge over the Hudson River in the vicinity of Buttermilk Falls, to enable the Western Railway trains to reach New York with more facility.

Earthquakes are of everyday occurrence. One was recently experienced in Maine, and another in Vancouver's Island. It has been predicted that many strange things were to happen this year.

A new style of bonnet may soon be expected to be in vogue. The manufacture of them has already commenced. They are made from Manilla pulp, moulded on a block, then spread with dissolved shells, and covered with woolen flock or clothier's waste, and pressed till it has a velvet appearance. There is only one objection to them, and that will be fatal to their popularity unless dealers are cunning enough to devise ways and means of removing it. They don't cost enough! The expense of manufacture does not exceed ten cents each.

The entire amount of gold in the world at the present time is estimated at about $5,950,000,000 in value. That part of the "world" which is underground is probably not included in this estimate.

Before the recent snow-storm we saw, one day, a rare sight in Broadway. *Six stalwart men*, armed with axes, were attacking the snow and ice blocking up the street, evidently with intent to remove a portion! Courage! we said to ourself. *Patientia et perseverantia vincunt omnes!* We paused in our downward—we mean *down town*—career to watch the interesting process. Note the slow, but sure—gradual—uniform—upward movement of the axes, securely clasped by twelve huge hands! *Up—up—u-p!* Now they have reached the highest limit, and pause to rest. The downward motion begins—*d-o-w-n—d-o-w-n*—with an unflinching moderation and resolute steadiness worthy of remark—still lower, lower—*ugh!* Six blows in the gutter which absolutely make the chips fly. Long pause for rest after the effort. Then a second upward movement commences. The *modus operandi* was very interesting and instructive, but we had only ten minutes to spare for the show, and reluctantly departed, leaving the laborers we had been watching, with arms and axes in mid air, taking their *third* upward rest! The entire scene was encouraging and inspiring. Two or three days after we noticed that the entire length of Broadway had been *Whitened*, and looked very clean. The same was true of the avenues, so also of all the cross-streets. Surprising, very!

About seven miles from Lexington, Kentucky, there is a remarkable crow-roost, where, according to a recent visitor, not less than a million of crows nightly sleep. About four o'clock in the afternoon they begin to arrive from all directions, entering the woods in long lines. Each flock has its leader, who flies over the tree-tops until he finds his roost, when the head of the column alights, the rest circling round and round and winding themselves about their chief. Only a few crows light on the same tree with the leader, which indicates that he is a sort of aristocratic personage who does not associate with the common herd, and that the persons who sleep on his tree are his royal family and crows high in authority in the flock. Hundreds roost on the ground for want of a limb; so they do not seem likely to abandon their ancient home, for this roost is so old that the oldest inhabitant remembers not its establishment. The crows do not appear to fear human visitors, but the explosion of a gun produces the greatest confusion and distress. If startled out of their sleep they fly from tree to tree, and seem quite helpless, losing in the night-time all that cunning which characterizes them in daylight. When the firing continues for any time they fly into the open fields and there sleep until daylight. As soon as the day begins to break they quit their roost and go no one knows where. It has been estimated that a crow will fly a hundred miles for his breakfast, and return after supper; and doubtless many of the crows who sleep in Kentucky are citizens of Ohio and Illinois. About the last of March they will leave their roost, and scatter over the Northern States to spend the summer.

A Vermont editor announces that he is "not at home" in the following style: "The man who left his name as M'Ginnis O'Flatherty, was about seven feet in length, and drunk accordingly, and who called at our office on Friday, accompanied by a hoe-handle, to ask if the editor was in, is respectfully informed that the editor is not in town, and is not expected to return."

A man at Auburn, Maine, has put his 200 hens into a hot-house, and the unsuspecting fowls have been deluded into the belief that it was warm weather and the season for business.

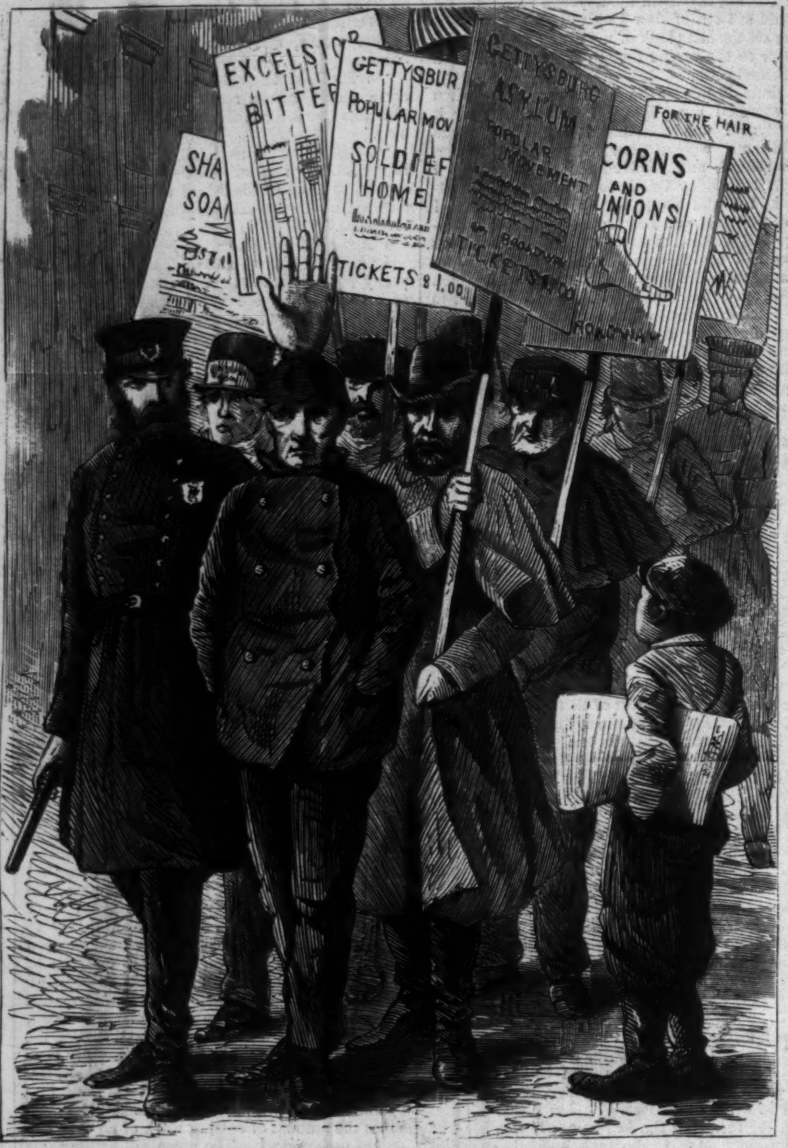
A patent fuel of good quality is said to be obtained by mixing small coal with an equal quantity of soft clay, river mud, or any similar material. The finer the coal and the more thorough the mixing, the better the quality of the fuel. Water may be used with clay to make it of a good consistency for working; and when well mixed it should be made into lumps and dried in the air. In some parts of Belgium this kind of fuel is largely made and used, and is thought to give more heat than ordinary coal.

A very remarkable case of preservation from death occurred in Wisconsin. A German farmer had been for some time engaged in digging a well upon his premises. By some unfortunate loosening or misplacing of certain planks the farmer, in the midst of his work, was suddenly buried 75 feet underground. The workman at work at the top of the shaft was horror-stricken and paralyzed. The idea of rescue does not seem to have entered his mind, and during all that day not a spade was driven into the ground, not an effort made to exhume the buried man. But some energetic neighbors at length undertook to recover the body. On the third day the diggers discovered that the man was alive, and could speak. But it was not thought possible to release him alive. So, between the crevices of planks he sent his last messages to his family, and some refreshment was forced down to him. At length, after being entombed seventy-six hours, he was rescued. He was found partly sitting, with one foot nearly under him, the knee bent outward, and the whole leg pinioned by a stout plank resting on it with both ends imbedded in the sides of the well. He had heard every thing that transpired above him, and had passed the first twenty-four hours of his horrid imprisonment in alternate wonder, anxiety, and despair, that no effort was made to release him. Yet, strange to say, he was not seriously injured.

The peculiar effects of conversing upon matters and things beyond one's comprehension is illustrated by the Berkshire country gentleman who went the other evening to visit the lady of his affections. Wishing to be agreeable and social, he observed: "The thermomokron is twenty degrees below zelon this evenin'." "Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kind of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."

ARREST OF PLACARD-BEARERS.

ONE of the greatest nuisances of New York has been, it is hoped, permanently suppressed by the arrest lately of several of the numerous individuals who are employed by a certain class of advertisers to carry their placards about the streets. These men, dressed in fantastic robes, on which appeared the announcement of the wares and the place of business of the advertiser, perambulated Broadway from morn to night, carrying banners, umbrellas, etc., on which the announcement was repeated. The men not only obstructed the sidewalk by their slow-moving persons, but also the vision, by the large placards they carried, and were a decidedly offensive set of street characters.



ARREST OF PLACARD-BEARERS.—[SKETCHED BY R. WEIR.]

THE BARNUM'S MUSEUM FIRE.

THE destruction by fire of Barnum's American Museum, an event which we illustrate here and on page 185, occurred on the night of March 2, fortunately at an hour when the crowd of visitors had left the building. The conflagration began in the third story, and before being discovered had attained such headway that all efforts of the firemen to extinguish it proved in vain. Several persons who lived in the building, including several monstrosities of the show, were rescued, as were also a few of the wild animals belonging to the menagerie; but the most of these, and all the minor curiosities of the Museum were lost.

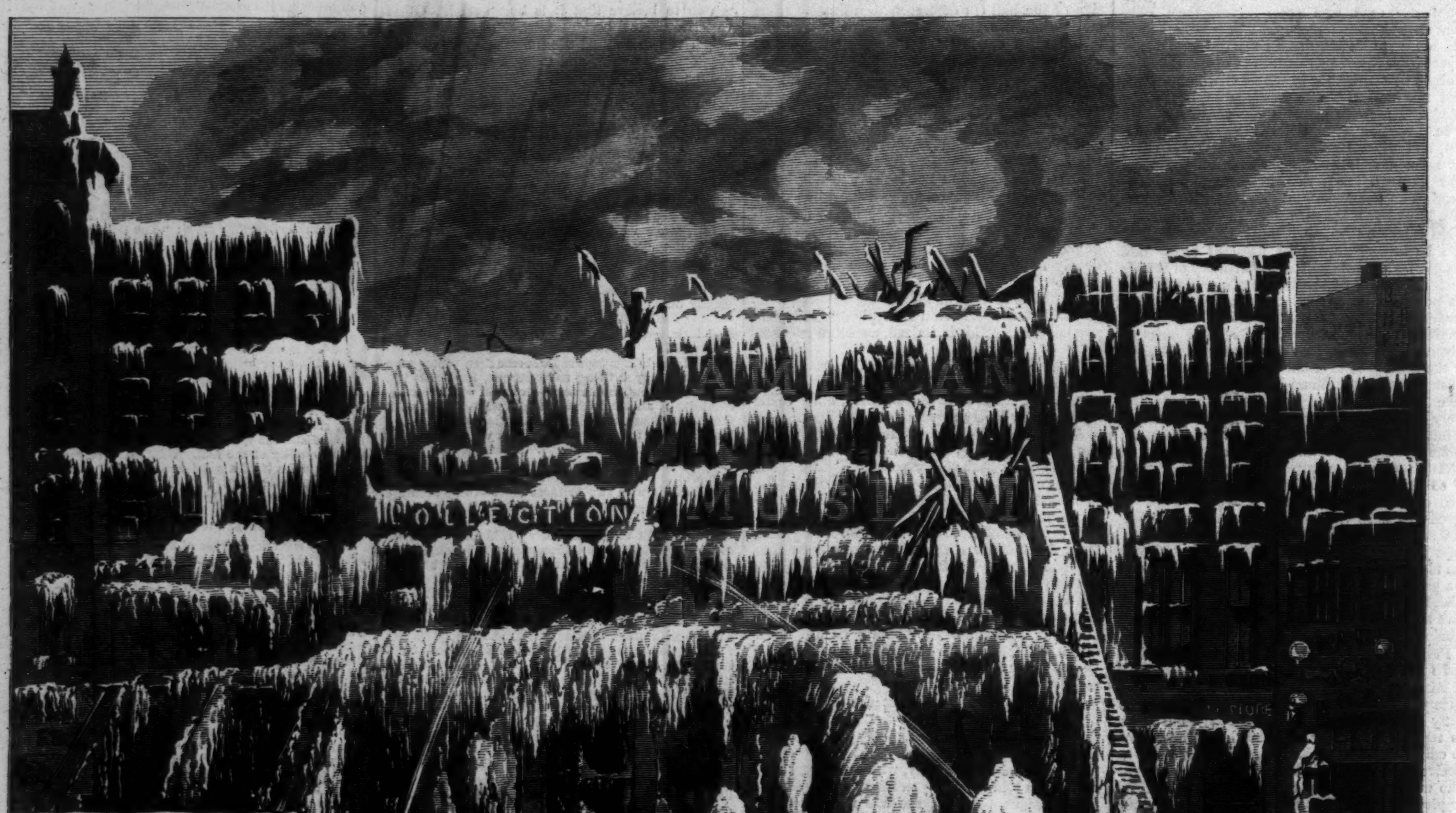
Several of the persons who slept in the building were roused from their slumbers and awakened to their danger by the roaring of the frightened animals of the menagerie, which appear to have been the first to detect the fire. The terror of these animals has been described by several eye-witnesses as of the most piteous and frightful character, and has been well illustrated on page 185. During the progress of the flames the roaring of the pent-up lions, leopards, and bears was distinctly heard above the shouts of the populace and the fierce crackling of the flames. After the fire had been in progress for an hour or more a large tiger made its appearance from the flaming building, but was so burned and weakened that it fell to the pavement and was soon shot by the policemen to save it from further misery. Subsequently a bear, after living for two days in the burnt building, escaped to the streets, and was taken to the Spring Street Station-house until claimed by his keeper.

Our illustration on this page shows the ruins of the Museum, and is a representation of a truly beautiful Arctic scene. The only portion left standing is the front wall, which, from its base to its summit, was flecked, and hung, and festooned with ice, moulded into the most fantastic forms. At night, when the moon shone down upon the ruins, the scene from Broadway was one of exquisite beauty. Great icicles depended from every projection of the wall, and reflected the light of the moon with a weird ghastliness. The two large lamps which once illumined the pathway of those who entered in at the broad portal were completely covered, each with an immense mass of ice, that shone in the light like a gigantic Koh-i-noor under a cloud.

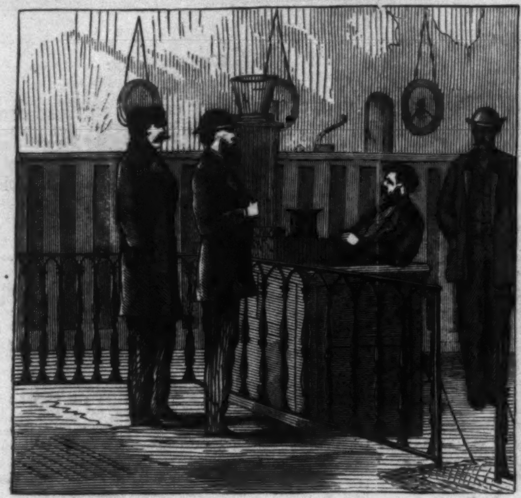
STUDENTS' FEUDS.

THE student at college seems to be, universally, the enemy of all good and peaceable citizens. William Hepworth Dixon, writing in his "Spiritual Wives" of a riot of students in the city of Königsberg, uses this language:

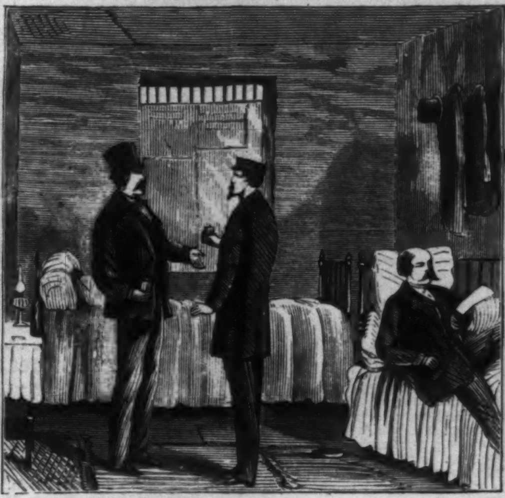
> "In the Amber City, as in every other University, from Oxford to Moscow, there is a latent feud between town and gown; less hot here, perhaps, than in most places; still warm enough: hatred on one side, scorn on the other; just that sort of feeling which opens out most freely into tiff and strife. In Königsberg this feud is not merely a war of youth against years, of class against class, as in Oxford and Cambridge, but of science against commerce, of liberalism against conservatism. The students of Königsberg represent the new German ideas, while the citizens represent, more or less closely, the old Prussian spirit. The students laugh at the town-folk as a bony, stupid, slavish people, who know nothing about art and philosophy, who care for little beyond toiling for their daily mess, and fighting for their king. What is seen among ourselves in Oxford is here found existing in reverse. With us learning is mostly feudal, commerce mostly liberal; in Königsberg learning is mostly radical, while commerce is very often feudal. Here the University is far more democratic than the city.
>
> "Each section of this society has a tale of scorn which it tells against the other. Here, under his portico in the Altstadt, you will hear from some Herr Professor, in the midst of gibes and sneers, that when Graf von Bismarck, in the summer of last year, made his great appeal to the country, giving every lout in the province a vote, the rabble of Ost Preussen refused to accept his gift, on the ground that they had never had votes under their good old kings. On being told by the Prefect that their lord desired them to make use of these votes and send some one, possessing their confidence, to speak for them in the Parliament at Berlin, they wrote the King's name on their balloting-papers, and then tossed them into the box. On being further told by the Prefect that they could not vote for the King, since his Majesty was not a candidate for election in their city, they asked for fresh papers and wrote on them the Crown Prince's name. Nobody, you will be assured under the portico, could induce these loyal people to put their trust in a common man. Under the smoky roof of Wolff's Weinstube in the Lang Gasse—the high street of traffic—you will see how quickly the tables can be turned against these jesters. There you would hear of Jewish students who, in the bad old days, were ready to give up Moses and the synagogue for a Professor's chair; to change their names, and to deny their circumcision, for three hundred thalers a year. The need for these acts of sacrifice has been done away; but the old sentiment remains in part. When a burgher is vexed, you may still hear him describe a Jew—most of all a reformed Jew—as a rascal, only a little less vile than a Pole. Pious people in Germany usually speak of students as sons of Belial; as young men who mock at loyalty and disparage valor, and whose Satanic creed may be summed up in their own scandalous motto: No King and no God."



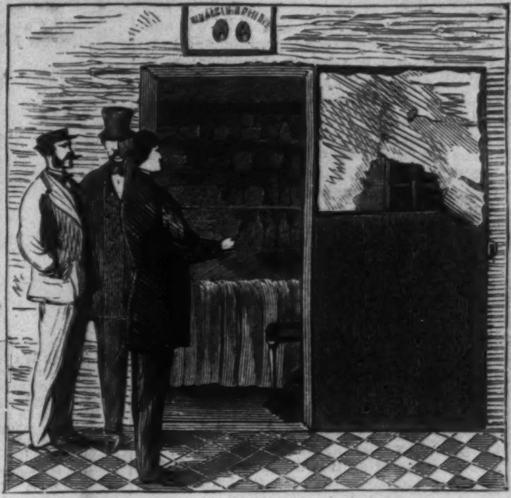
EXTERIOR OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM AFTER THE FIRE.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]



LUDLOW STREET JAIL—THE OFFICE.



INTERIOR OF CELL.



GROCERY STORE.

LUDLOW STREET JAIL.

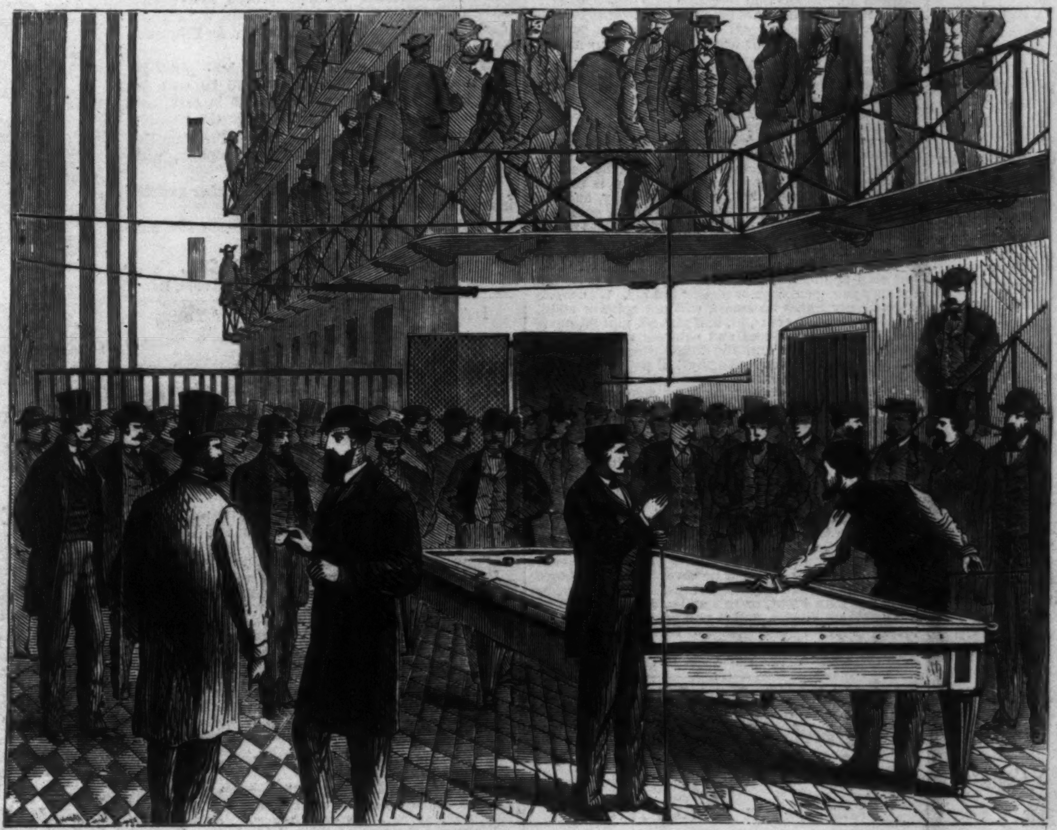
There is an idea existing in the minds of all those persons who have never been in prison that a jail is a very horrible place to be confined in; that the exterior is repulsive and dismal in appearance, while the interior is dark and dirty beyond imagination; that the fare is small in quantity and bad in quality; and that, in accordance with Scripture, the way of the transgressor who gets put into prison for his crimes is decidedly hard. But this idea it appears is altogether a mistaken one. Mr. Stanley Fox, one of our artists, was lately sent to the Ludlow Street Jail (entirely in a professional capacity, be it remembered), and has given us on this page a series of drawings which will at once explode the false notion we have of jails, and give the public an idea of the character and style of a modern prison-house for "respectable" criminals—that is, those who do not condescend to "prig" trifles, but who "steal largely."

The last of our sketches ought to be considered first in describing the prison. Ludlow Street Jail is situated at the corner of Ludlow Street and Essex Market Place, New York city, and was finished in June, 1862. It is built of Philadelphia brick ornamented with New Jersey free-stone trimmings. It is 90 feet square, and about 60 feet high, and is lighted by means of two horizontal rows of ten windows each. The upper windows are probably 30 feet in height, of proportionate width, and were it not for the presence of formidable iron bars before the sashes the stranger, in passing by, would be apt to conclude that the structure was a Friends' meeting-house, or an old-fashioned Methodist church. The engraving illustrating the exterior of the jail will give the reader an idea of its appearance.

Crossing the threshold the visitor is conducted through a diminutive hallway, and into a spacious apartment divided by a low iron railing into a business-office on one hand and a reception-room for visitors on the other. This room is illustrated in the first cut of our series. Extending from this room to the rear wall of the building is a narrow hallway, leading to the laundry and kitchen on the same floor, and by means of a small stairway to the cellar below, where a portable engine is made to supply steam throughout the establishment for heating, culinary, and other purposes.

The jail contains 87 cells of the character of that which we illustrate in the second drawing. The floors of the cells are ten feet square, and the walls are 12 feet high. Each cell bears a cleanly appearance, and is comparatively free from the musty odor so common to prison apartments. This is due to frequent whitewashing, scrubbing, and free ventilation. Stoves are not used at all, the heating of the building being accomplished by means of steam. Each cell is furnished with two iron bedsteads and spring mattresses, with comfortable pillows and an abundance of bed-clothing. A table, looking-glass, and chairs are also found in each apartment, and in some instances other articles of comfort furnished by the occupant. For the sake of companionship two persons generally occupy a cell.

The fare of the prisoners of Ludlow Street Jail is not less wholesome and pleasant than their rooms are healthy and comfortable. The "official fare," according to the prison regulations, consists of bread and tea and coffee for breakfast, meats for dinner, except on Friday, when fish is served, and bread and milk for supper. Vegetables are also occasionally allowed. But many of the prisoners who are not without friends or ready money avail themselves of the privilege of receiving their meals from their own or their friends' homes, or from the neighboring restaurants. One of the more enterprising of the prisoners has established a grocery store in the prison, where the prisoners can purchase a great many necessaries, and even some delicacies. Another feature of the jail, strongly resembling a custom of our best boarding-houses, is the serving of "private tables," the meals being served to the occupants in the cells.



BILLIARD-ROOM IN LUDLOW STREET JAIL.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

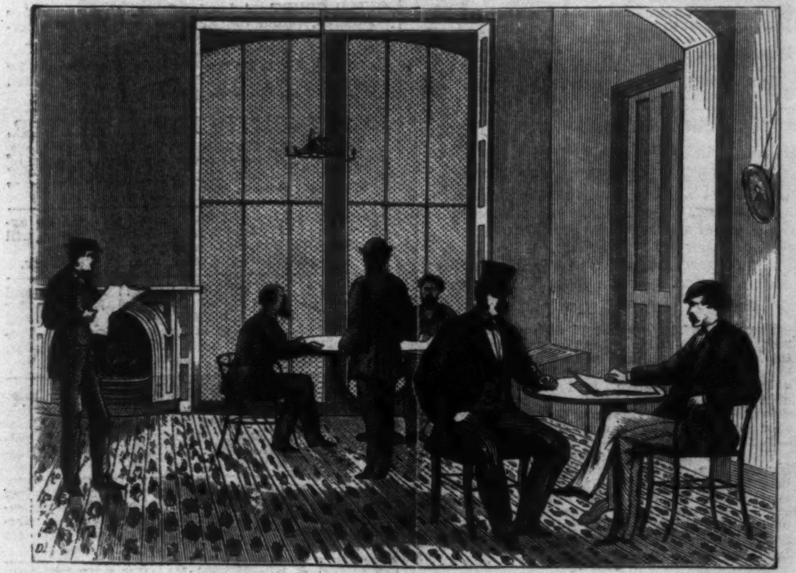
The prisoners are not without several sources of amusement. They have the privilege of playing cards, checkers, dominoes, and billiards, and the reading-room is always open to them during the day. The principal amusement, however, is that found in "handling the cue," and the billiard-table is continually in demand, a charge being made for its use. At almost every hour of the day numerous elegant-looking burglars, counterfeiters, forgers, and other "speculators" can be found looking on while some noble bond thief plays with some embezzling bank clerk.

The hour for shutting the prisoners in their cells is 6 o'clock P.M.; they are released at 7.30 A.M., when the feasting and playing and pleasure of the day begin again.

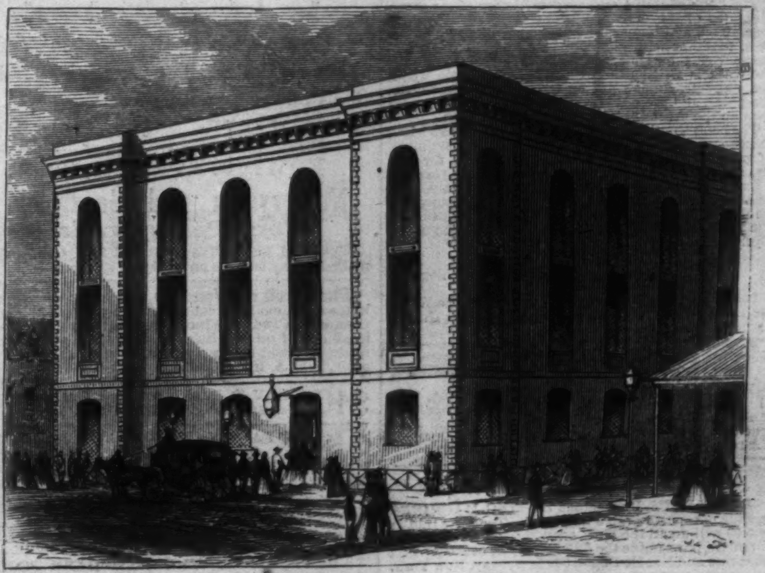
Most of the prisoners usually confined in this prison are those of the Sheriff of New York County, detained under charges of intended or consummated acts of fraud upon their creditors, and the jail is really the county jail for New York County.

THE EARLY GIPSIES.

An air of romance has always hung about the gipsies from the beginning of the fifteenth century, when, starting from Hungary, and provided with documents in their favor by some of the potentates of that country, they made their way to Constance at the time when the celebrated council was sitting. Finding the Emperor Sigismund, of supra-grammarian memory, amusing himself at Lindau, they addressed themselves to him, and told him such a pitiful tale about their captivity among the Turks that he received them kindly, and gave them letters of imperial recommendation. Armed with these they betook themselves to the free cities of the Baltic, favoring Luneburg and Hamburg especially with their presence. At that time they numbered five



READING-ROOM IN LUDLOW STREET JAIL.



EXTERIOR OF LUDLOW STREET JAIL.

hundred, including women and children, and must have presented a very picturesque appearance. The chiefs, say the old chroniclers, were superbly dressed and rode on horseback with hounds by their side. Some of the men walked, the others rode, their families being conveyed in carts resembling those of the ancient Scythians. But they did not create an agreeable impression on the Teutonic mind. They were terribly dirty, we are told, hideously ugly, and as black as night. At that time they gave themselves out as a Christian people who had relapsed into heathenism among the Turks, and had been ordered by their bishops to do penance by wandering about without settling down any where during the space of seven years. Giving this account of themselves, they rambled through Germany into Switzerland, and in their capacity of penitents a party of them arrived, in 1422, at Bologna, on their way to Rome. The Bolognese, however, objecting to their "conveying" tendencies, complained so much of them that the magistrates gave the inhabitants leave to retaliate by stealing from the strangers as much as would cover their own losses. Disgusted at this evidently inequitable proceeding, the gipsies soon left the inhospitable city and pursued their journey to Rome, where it seems they succeeded in seeing the Pope and in obtaining credentials from him. Meanwhile, in 1419, some of their number appeared at Sisteron, in Provence, and in 1427, at a period when the fortunes of France were at their lowest ebb, a small band reached Paris, where they created a genuine sensation. By this time they had somewhat changed their account of their origin, some of them claiming to be the descendants of those churlish Egyptians who refused hospitality to Mary and Joseph on the occasion of the flight into Egypt. A general impression has always prevailed that these strange wanderers originally came from that country, and one of their own stories is that their ancestors were obliged to flee thence, pursued by the hostile inhabitants, from whom they escaped only by means of a bridge of rushes, in memory of which some of them are said to wear a piece of rush as an amulet to this day. Up to the time of their appearance in Paris their number did not exceed fourteen hundred at most, but soon afterward fresh immigrations took place, and their ranks increased rapidly. Whence they sprang and how they traveled has always been a mystery. How and when, for instance, they crossed into England has always remained an unanswered problem. Strangely enough, some twenty years ago the Spanish papers contained an account of the sudden apparition of a band of gipsies at one of the sea-ports of Spain, nobody knowing from what part of the world they had suddenly sprung into sight, or where they had obtained the horses they offered for sale. And again in the autumn of 1866 a band of about a hundred individuals, with thirty horses, suddenly appeared in Switzerland, traveling in quaint, rude carriages, which wiry, little, swift-footed horses drew. Only a few of the immigrants could speak German, for they came from the plains of Hungary, and they were as wild, and dark, and savage-looking as if they had been the inhabitants of some utterly uncivilized island in the eastern seas. Thus, from time to time, in the midst of Europe's western civilization, there suddenly appears a living representative of the wandering tribes which, hundreds of years ago, led a wild life in the distant East.

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Gentlemen,—You will please send me one of your oroide hunting watches by express to Blackshear, Ga. —No. 8, A. & G. R. R.—C.O.D. I saw the watch you sent to Mr. W. W. Campbell, which created a great sensation. I think you will be patronized if you hold out and prove to be genuine. I would be pleased to be your agent if I would be any help to you. There will be quite a number here that will send for watches in a short time. Respectfully yours, E. F. Sweat.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: Fort Union, New Mexico, December 25, 1867.

Sirs,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your watch, and it gives entire satisfaction; but you forgot to send me the $2 chain. You will have more orders from me before long. Yours respectfully,
James Dillon, "A" Co., 3d Cavalry, Fort Union, New Mexico.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: Topeka, Kansas, January 4, 1868.

Sirs,—The watch came safely to hand to-day. I think it will prove all I expected. Please send me one ladies' size, double case, by the Merchants' Union Express, Topeka, Shawnee Co., Kansas, G. W. Wines. Please send me a nice watch, and oblige George W. Wines.

LOOK! LOOK! A curious Book, with full Instructions in the Art of Ventriloquism, a true Guide to Politeness, sent, together with the Lover's Secret, for 25c. Gumbridge & Co., 119 Nassau St., N.Y.

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YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
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